

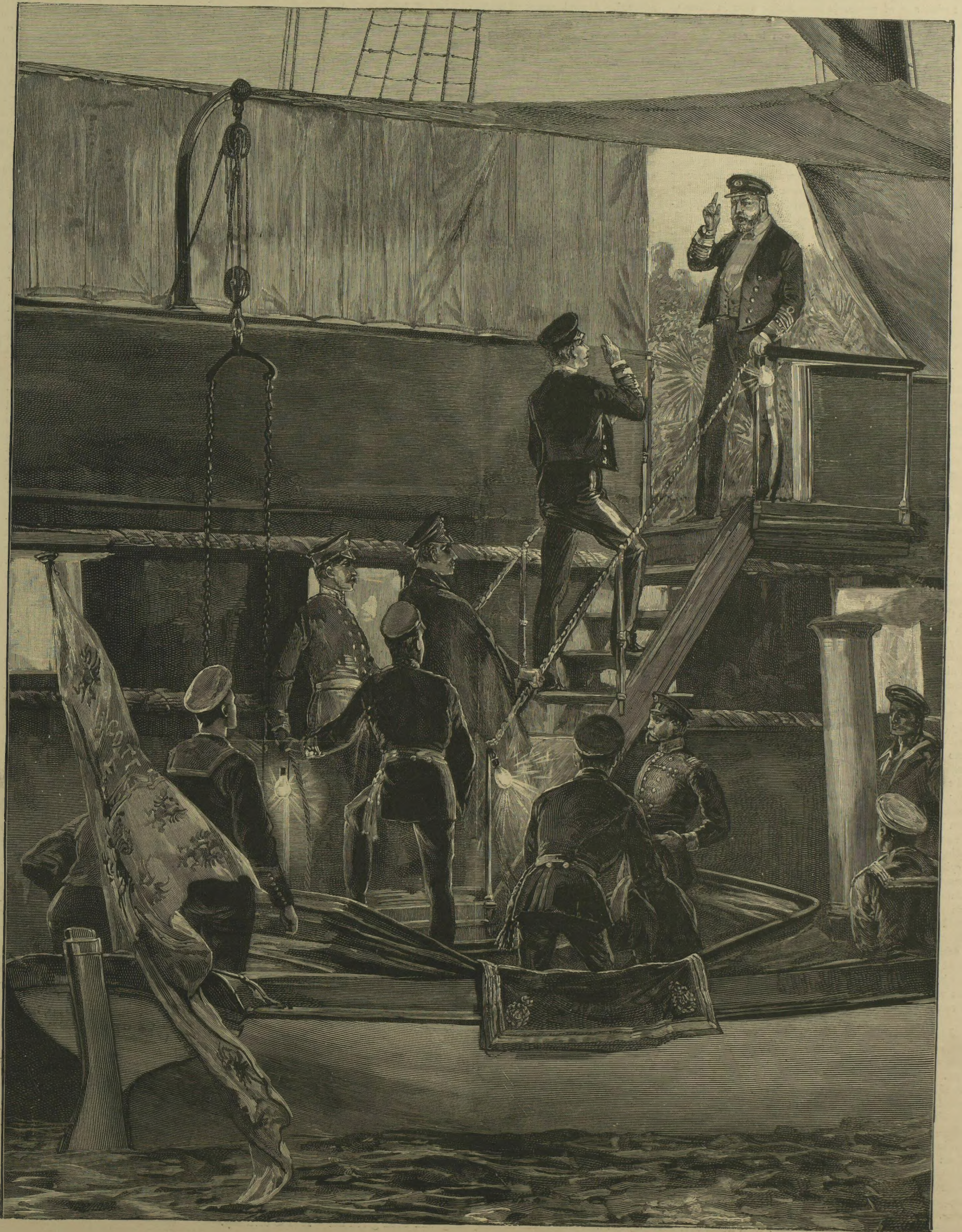
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR RECEIVED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE QUEEN'S YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A delightful rumour reaches us from an American source that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is to be made King of Samoa. His letters to the *Times* upon the politics of that island have been, it seems, of an electioneering character. They have pointed out what things are amiss with an eye to the proper man to remedy them. This, to those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Stevenson, is so exactly what one would have expected of him that it carries conviction with it at once. It is one of those stories to which authors add the foot-note, "The above is a fact," but it is a very charming story, nevertheless. It is a pity that through certain illustrations we have already learnt what sort of garments even kings wear in Samoa, since these prevent us from picturing the new Sovereign in the robes we are accustomed to associate with European monarchs. A crown of flowers and what Burns calls a "cuttie sark" seem to complete the regalia. On the other hand, it will be impossible to apply to the new Sovereign the depreciatory epigram that has so long fitted the old ones: "What is Majesty deprived of its externals? A jest." There will be no externals (worth speaking about) in his case; while the honour paid to literature will be as great as it is unprecedented. Let us hope that Louis I. will be succeeded by as long a line of Louises as with "our lively neighbours." There has always been a prejudice against literary persons—especially novelists—concerning themselves with politics. Lord Beaconsfield suffered from it, though, unlike Mr. Stevenson, he was not much of a novelist. But though he made an Empress, he never attempted to make himself a king. So far as I know, no one of that profession has ever ascended a throne. It will be very interesting to see how a crown fits the brow that has hitherto been only accustomed to the laurel. The words of the Swedish Chancellor, "How easily the world is governed!" are often quoted with reference to commonplace Sovereigns who get on pretty tolerably; but from the rule of a man of genius it is natural to hope for something better. At all events, the elevation of our most popular storyteller to the throne of Samoa will be a great encouragement to serial literature.

The relish for their meals in the case of honest but delicate persons is easily destroyed; even the reading of a distressing case in the newspaper at breakfast will render the rasher unattractive and the fresh egg (at twopence-halfpenny) unenjoyable. But the healthy appetite of the criminal classes is interfered with by no fastidious sentiments. Nothing is more common than for a burglar to sit down after a good night's work at the plate-chest, in the very scene of his crime, and "polish off" any refreshment he may have come upon in the larder. This shows a wholesome constitution—at all events, so far as the digestive organs are concerned. Is it possible, one wonders, that crime itself promotes it? Is the forbidden road to wealth also the road to health? Let us hope not, for if this should turn out to be the case Scotland Yard will have a good many valetudinarians on its hands. A most striking example of the existence of a healthy appetite combined with the utmost moral depravity has recently occurred in Paris. A murderer has been brought to justice entirely through his possession of this advantage. He was suspected of having killed his victim, and afterwards "quartered" the body (as in the old high treason cases) for the better disposal of the remains, but the crime could not be brought home to him. It was proved, however, that after its commission the criminal, whoever he was, had cooked and eaten two pork chops in the dining-room; and eventually the butcher was found who had sold them to the accused on the night in question. He had actually taken them with him, for the purpose of refreshment after what he foresaw would be a fatiguing business. While execrating the wretch's moral callousness, one cannot help envying his powers of "assimilation." To "sup on horrors" and then to sit down to such a dish shows a constitution that may almost be called heroic. If an innocent man should dare to eat pork chops at such an hour, he would be certain to dream of being a murderer. The incident has its significance as tending to illustrate the sort of criminal whom our namby-pamby sentimentalists are so afraid of "brutalising" by corporal punishment, because he "belongs to the great human family." It seems to me that we should make him as distant a relation as possible by removing him to another world.

Just as the stomach can be tutored to avoid fastidiousness, so the head can be induced, by proper management, to do work which it has naturally an unwillingness to perform. Dr. Brunton tells us that, having an essay to write one night, his brain declined to act when called upon, pretended to be fatigued, and in short "struck" like a trade-unionist. The doctor, in despair, laid his head on the table—though still, of course, keeping it on his shoulders—and to his surprise found his ideas at once begin to flow. When he sat up they all left him again, but so long as he kept it depressed he wrote with ease. This, no doubt, accounts for the attitude which Sam Weller always assumed (except that he also put his tongue out) when composing a letter. A friend, moreover, tells me that in his day, at college, undergraduates used to hang their heads over the

sofa, with the object of clearing their brains. I have seen them do it myself (at wine parties), but was unaware of their object, which certainly did not appear in their conversation. No doubt the doctor is right, but, personally, his ideas are new to me. It is very satisfactory to know how to get on with these "Notes" when one's brain feels a little jaded. I have a difficulty in writing with one ear on the blotting pad, but with my feet on the mantelpiece and my head on the rug I find I can manage it, though not for very long at a time.

An unhappy paterfamilias, condemned to take his family to the sea every year, has inquired of the universal newspaper press whether there is a seaside place in England where organ-grinders and Ethiopian serenaders are not allowed. A good many of us would hail a reply in the affirmative, for, though our nation, for the most part, undoubtedly loves noise, and the more of it the better, a considerable minority would like a quiet time when they are on their holiday. The short-sightedness of corporations and those who cater for the public in this respect is most extraordinary, for nothing is more certain than that any moderately picturesque locality where the authorities rigidly set their faces against the eternal discord which makes our seaside resorts so detestable would be sure of patronage. There is no necessity, as we read is the case at Ems, to fine persons who play the piano with their windows open (though what a haven—may, heaven—of rest that place must be!), but the sands and the seashore might at least be left to their own music. The plaint of our paterfamilias is pathetic enough. "If no such restful spot can be found," he writes, "I shall be driven inland" (as though he were a seagull in a storm). He has evidently the same opinion of the country as a place of residence as town-loving Captain Morris—

The country, Lord help me! sets all matters right,  
So calm and composing from morning to night;  
Oh, it settles the spirits when nothing is seen  
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.  
Your magpies and stockdoves may flirt among trees,  
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please;  
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,  
And for groves, oh! a good grove of chimneys for me.

Fired by the example of publishing the portraits of the new M.P.'s, a lady's newspaper announces its intention of doing the same for their wives. No doubt it will give them great pleasure, but the political genius of these gentlemen, though their consorts may have encouraged them to give it rein, could hardly have arisen from that source. It was probably inherited, as all other kinds of genius are said to be, from their mothers: and it is, therefore, the portraits of those ladies with which we should, by rights, be favoured. In cases where the political bent has missed a generation, we might have their grandmothers. Youth and beauty, of course, form an attraction to a gallery of this kind, but there is no reason why a grandmother should not be depicted in her youth—

This relative of mine  
Was she seventy-and-nine  
When she died?  
By the canvas may be seen  
How she looked at seventeen  
As a bride.

Nobody seems to have any difficulty in writing to an editor about anything; but an editor, or even a journalist, is sometimes placed in rather a delicate position as regards replying. Perhaps some diplomatic person would kindly suggest what I am to do in the following case: A lady correspondent thus wrote to me from Mevagissey, in Cornwall, immediately after the earthquake in that locality—"Dear Sir, I know your love of science, so constantly exhibited in your 'Notes,' and also the liberality of mind which is always open to new views. It cannot, therefore, be otherwise than interesting to you to learn certain particulars of the marvellous incident that happened here last night, which seems to prove that the great forces of Nature are more *en rapport* with ourselves than is generally understood. In the first place, some hours before the shock took place, my little dog Flimsey howled for more than an hour and a half, which I can certify (from previous complaints of our neighbours) was nearly double his usual time. I myself experienced a curious electric feeling, difficult to describe scientifically, but just as though something was about to happen. When the rumbling noises took place, it was manifest that they were not thunder, because they were underfoot, as though somebody was rolling casks in the cellar. This, indeed, was the theory upon which my husband explained it. He had just come from a dinner with the Juridical or Druidical Society (I could not catch which), and had felt three distinct shocks upon his way, the last of which threw him against the front door. Also—which is noteworthy, because he was the sole observer of this phenomenon—he remarked more than one fissure in the road, and ever so big a hole in the garden. It is curious how variable is Nature in her recuperative efforts, for, though in the morning there was not a trace of this hole, my poor husband was obviously still suffering from electric disturbance. A few words from one so conversant with Nature's laws as yourself in explanation of these remarkable events would be highly valued." If I had but answered this communication at once, it would have been easy to have agreed with the writer in everything, and even given her

some experience of earthquakes on my own account to harmonise with her own; but now, as it has turned out that there was never any earthquake at Mevagissey at all, and that all the disturbance was caused by the distant firing of the Red Squadron, one hardly knows what to say to the lady.

The difficulty of making small savings is proverbial. When one has to "cut down one's expenses," it is much easier to do it with a chopper than a pruning-knife. Indeed, when we have used the latter in all possible directions, the result is that our pecuniary position is not much better, though all our comforts have been sacrificed. If one has to "put down things," it is better to do so at once, and not economise in a half-hearted or half-handed way. A good many of us, thanks to the depreciation of land or deterioration in our Irish estates—reasons one likes to give, though one may never have owned an acre—have lately had experience of this. A friend of mine—let us call him Eiderdown—not given to little economies, and fond of his little comforts, writes me a terrible account of travelling outside a 'bus-car to town, an experience quite as novel to him as were Mr. Stanley's adventures in the forests of Africa. He had lately, through stress of circumstances, had to part with a good many things, including securities and a cee-spring carriage, and he courageously resolved to take the bull by the horns, and, instead of patronising a hansom, to go to business by the 'bus. To go inside would, he knew, have fatal consequences, because his interior organisation always protested against sitting sideways, so he decided on going on the outside of the car. He knew that there were such things, yellow and red, passing the corner of his square, and, without informing his family of his heroic resolve, he started one morning intending to reach Trafalgar Square by that unprecedented method. Many people much better off than he used to be had often done it; it was no doubt a very pleasant mode of travel in summer, just as good as a cee-spring carriage, in fact, and with the addition of genial company; and he would save one-and-ninepence every morning, because a cab would have cost two shillings. Such were his heroic reflections on his first economical morning.

Mr. Eiderdown did not know the times at which the 'bus-cars started, and had the misfortune to see a yellow and red object cross the end of his terrace as he emerged from his door. He found it disagreeable waiting for the next red one; the ten minutes seemed twenty, and his station happened to be opposite a cabstand, the occupiers of which, imagining from his appearance that he could never want the cars (he was buttonholed, an expense that "should never be spared for her dear John," said his wife, "while there were two sixpennies to rub against one another"), kept driving up to him and offering their services, and indulging in bad language when they found he didn't. If he had not continued to repeat to himself "I shall save one-and-ninepence," and thereby strengthened his resolution, he would, he confessed to me, have taken one of these cabs. At last a red 'bus loomed in sight, and, though Mr. Eiderdown made with his beautiful umbrella the signal for stopping, it only slackened speed sufficiently to admit of his seizing on the lowest rail and getting one toe on the step. He had to go through an acrobatic performance to retain his position, and but for the conductor's assistance in pushing him up the stairs to what he afterwards described as "the hurricane deck" would certainly never have reached it. "Imagine," he says, "a ship in a storm when the rudder refuses to act, and you will get a slight conception of the behaviour of that 'bus. It not only rolled from side to side, but plunged head foremost over the backs of the horses, and so impossible was it for me to keep my feet that I was instantly thrown with great violence against a respectable mechanic, whose clay pipe I knocked out of his mouth into a thousand pieces. He looked so excessively furious as I sank down beside him that I hastily pulled out my case and offered him a cigar which had cost me a shilling at wholesale prices—a proceeding which cut my saving in travelling expenses down to ninepence at once. However, he was mollified by the gift; and as soon as I got my breath I inquired of him, holding on with both hands to the back of the seat in front of me, whether the vehicle always rolled and swerved in that amazing manner. 'Have you ever been in a 'bus on this 'ere road as didn't?' was the contemptuous reply." Of course Eiderdown could have answered, quite truthfully, "Indeed, I never have"; but he wanted to get at the reason of things. "Is it because there are so few people on the deck—I mean on the roof—that the 'bus twists and dives so?" "That has nothin' whatever to do with it." "Then—pray excuse me, but I'm a country person, and know nothing about these things—what is the reason?" "Well, just this: because we are going over the very wust piece of road in all England." This utterly silenced poor Eiderdown, who had travelled over it (in his carriage) twelve times a week for forty years, and never noticed it was a bad road. Presently he perceived the 'bus to be tacking—swerving round in an opposite direction from that he wished to go. "This is surely not the way to Trafalgar Square?" he said. "Well, of course not," was the scornful rejoinder; "this here is a Victoria 'bus." And so it was. Eiderdown had to charter a cab to his place of business after all, and, instead of saving ninepence, it cost him ninepence more than if he had taken a hansom all the way. It was certainly a false start on the road to economy.



## THE SHELLEY CENTENARY CELEBRATION AT HORSHAM.

It would be curious to know what proportion of our number (I am alluding to my pious fellow-pilgrims whom the 1.45 train from Victoria conveyed on Aug. 4 to the scene of the poet's birth) were Shelleyans rather by virtue of sympathy with Shelley the political agitator, or Shelley the anti-religionist, or even, perhaps, Shelley the vegetarian (it is on record how at dinner he fulminated against Christianity over a little broccoli), than from any special enthusiasm for Shelley the poet. Mr. Grant Allen, the genuineness of whose delight in Shelley's poetry for its own sake is above suspicion, has, nevertheless, been scolding us for caring less for "the whole man" than for "the mere metrical trick of him"; but, oh! Mr. Grant Allen, surely the "metrical trick of him" is, after all, the thing about Shelley that chiefly concerns us. At all events, we should never have heard of Shelley the denouncer of Christianity and apostle of broccoli had it not been for Shelley the lyrist of the "Wild West Wind." Anything but wild was the west wind that blew on that sweet afternoon over the old-world village where the poet who was pre-eminently the new-world's *vates* was born. Field Place, the actual house where Shelley first opened his eyes, was, we found, some two miles away, and was closed against the reverent feet of disappointed Shelleyolaters. One distinguished man of letters and leader of advanced thought did go so far as to charter a landau and drive over, but on reaching the lodge Jarvie's heart quailed within him, and he lacked valour to storm the sacred gates. I myself was one of a less adventurous band, who killed time pleasantly enough by loafing about the village till the hour fixed for the centenary rites found us devoutly gathered in the little Albion Hall, where the High Priest of the ceremony, Mr. Edmund Gosse, delivered a discourse which was a model of what an oratorical effort of that kind should be. One fair critic, in my hearing, found fault with it as being too much dictated by the spirit of compromise, but, the charming depreciator notwithstanding, I could not help regarding that feature of it as one of its excellences, for the dexterity with which Mr. Gosse navigated the ocean of Shelley's tempestuous genius, yet steered clear of the jagged rocks of controversy, was a very pretty piece of critical seamanship. And to see the chair taken by a genial old Sussex squire, quite an ideal embodiment of a class peculiarly abhorred by Shelley, what a delightful rotation of time's whirligig it seemed! Indeed, one might even regard the circumstance of Mr. Gosse being chosen to deliver the centenary address as an equally concrete testimony to Shelley's victory over his foes; for Mr. Gosse—the author, among many other admirable pieces of literature, of a perfect biography of Gray—may fairly be considered as by nature more in touch with the calmer and less revolutionary spirit in poetry, the spirit of politic conformity, than with the lone and thunderous defiance of the Prometheus among bards. Mr. Gosse was followed by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who seasonably reminded the good Horsham folk that although Shelley did allow himself to be born in their neighbourhood, his genius had less affinity with homely Sussex landscape than with the sublimities of Alpine solitudes and the spacious azure of Italian skies. The remaining speaker was Professor Nichol, whose animated remarks had a taking air of spontaneity. One of his happiest touches was where, in alluding to the complaint often brought against Shelley that he was deficient in "saving common-sense," he observed that there were some kinds of common-sense which people chiefly needed to have knocked out of them. Professor Nichol took occasion to lament the absence of the poet whom he referred to as in a special sense "Shelley's heir"; and certainly there would have been a happy appropriateness in Mr. Swinburne's appearance among his "brothers in Shelley"—to borrow a phrase from Mr. Theodore Watts, whose genial presence was our most tangible link with the author of "Atalanta in Calydon."

Another interesting feature of the afternoon was a recitation from "The Cenci," marked by that union of dramatic passion and artistic restraint which one naturally expects from Miss Alma Murray. It suggested the reflection, however, that if Shelley had possessed more of that common-sense which Professor Nichol spoke of he would have been saved from such an amazing misconception of his age as was implied by his belief that "The Cenci" was capable of being a popular success on the stage.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The opening of the new Parliament has been singularly quiet, and, considering the large issues at stake, uneventful. There has been a Queen's Speech which is practically no Queen's Speech, for it is not a direct communication from the Queen, but a simple memorandum from the Royal Commissioners, in which her Majesty expresses the hope that when Parliament reassembles its attention will be called to measures "of social and domestic improvement." It has, however, been moved and seconded in the usual way: in the House of Commons by Mr. Dunbar Barton, Q.C., one of the new Ulster members, and by Mr. W. H. Cross, a son of Lord Cross; in the House of Lords by the Earl of Denbigh and the Earl of Powis. In the Upper House the leaders of the attenuated Opposition have made no sign, and the debate has practically been left to Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, the latter of whom spoke with singular force and enunciation. In the popular Chamber a much more interesting and vital conflict has been joined. Mr. Asquith, a clever young Liberal lawyer, who is tolerably certain to have a high place in the coming Liberal Government, moved a vote of "No

mentioned for the office which Mr. Peel holds, made a felicitous and very eulogistic speech, which was capped by Mr. Gladstone with all his old dignity and sense of form. Mr. Peel, sitting in plain black morning dress on the Ministerial benches, made a simple reply, very beautifully spoken, and was then solemnly conducted by his mover and seconder to the chair, which he has now occupied during four Parliaments. The other high officer of the House who remains to be elected is the Chairman of Committees. The chances are that Mr. Courtney will not be chosen afresh, but that a member of Mr. Gladstone's own party—possibly Mr. Osborne Morgan—will be selected.

### MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

The Address of the House of Lords in answer to the Queen's Speech at the opening of the new Parliament was moved by the Earl of Denbigh and seconded by the Earl of Powis.

The Right Hon. Rudolph Robert Basil Aloysius Augustine Feilding, Earl of Denbigh (ninth), Viscount and Baron Feilding, and Lord St. Liz, in England, Earl of Desmond, Viscount Callan, and Baron Feilding in the Irish Peerage, Count of Hapsburg-Laufenberg and Rheinfelden, in Germany, was born May 26, 1859. His family, which claims descent from the ancient Counts of Hapsburg, settled in England in the reign of King Henry III. Henry Feilding, the novelist, was of this family.

The Right Hon. George Charles Herbert, fourth Earl of Powis, Viscount Clive, Baron Clive, Baron Herbert, and Baron Powis, was born in 1862, son of General the Right Hon. Sir Percy Herbert, K.C.B., who was second son of Edward, second Earl of Powis, K.G.; Sir Percy Herbert, an officer of some distinction and Treasurer to the Queen's Household, died in 1876; the late Earl, his elder brother, in 1891.

In the House of Commons the Address was moved by Mr. D. P. Barton, Q.C., and seconded by the Hon. W. H. Cross.

Mr. Dunbar Plunket Barton, who is a grandson by his mother of the third Lord Plunket, was born in 1853, and was educated at Harrow and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1880, became Q.C. in 1889. He was elected M.P. for Mid-Armagh in December 1891, and now again, unopposed.

The Hon. William Henry Cross was born in 1856, eldest surviving son of the Right Hon. Richard Assheton Cross, G.C.B., first Lord Cross, Secretary of State for India. He was educated at Rugby and at University College, Oxford; was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1882; was elected M.P. for West Derby, a division of Liverpool, in August 1888, and has been re-elected by 4107 against 2925 votes.

### THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT COWES.

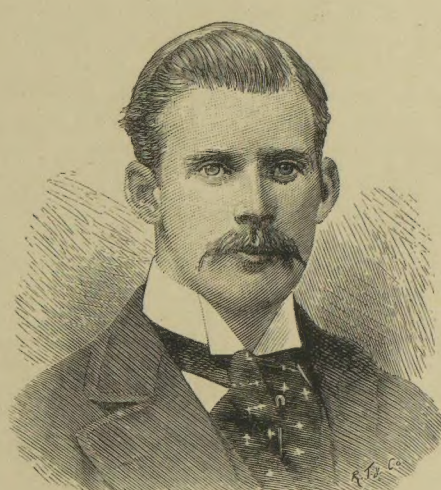
His Imperial and Royal Majesty William II., who arrived at Cowes on Monday, Aug. 1, on board the imperial steam-yacht Kaiser Adler, escorted by the German war-ship Beowulf, commanded by Prince Henry of Prussia, visited her Majesty our Queen, his illustrious grandmother, at Osborne House on several occasions during his stay at Cowes, but passed the nights on board his own vessel. He was much occupied with the sailing matches of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which commenced on Tuesday, Aug. 2, and in which the Emperor's own cutter-yacht, the Meteor, competed on that day for the Queen's Cup, on Wednesday for the Royal Yacht Squadron prize, and on Thursday for the Cowes Town prize; but failed to win any of those prizes. On Thursday evening his Imperial Majesty dined on board the Queen's yacht Victoria and Albert, where he was entertained by the Prince of Wales, representing the Queen. The Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were present. Our illustration shows the scene at his Majesty's reception on board.

### THE FRASER CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A view of this sublime and romantic scene in the Cascade Range of British Columbia, as seen from the Canadian Pacific Railway, is presented in our Engraving. The principal canyon or gorge of the Fraser River commences at Boston Bar; between that point and the town of Yale, a distance of twenty-three miles, its aspect is almost appalling by its savage grandeur. The Canadian Pacific traverses the entire length of this canyon, the line being carried along the faces of the cliffs, 200 ft. or more above the river. This is the Fraser Canyon. At North Bend Station, the railway company has erected a charming little chalet-like hotel, for the accommodation of tourists who desire to explore the canyon. This hotel is situated at a most advantageous point, in the midst of the finest scenery, and visitors will find it a convenient and comfortable place of sojourn.



THE EARL OF DENBIGH.



THE EARL OF POWIS.



MR. DUNBAR BARTON, Q.C., M.P.



MR. W. H. CROSS, M.P.

### MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS IN PARLIAMENT.

confidence," based, so far as the wording went, on the motion of Lord Hartington in 1859. Mr. Asquith spoke with a certain surface brilliancy and effect, the main point of his speech being that the country had condemned the policy of the Government and had refused them a mandate. Mr. Burt, who is also a probable member of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, seconded the motion in a rather formless but frank and good-tempered speech, to which Mr. Goschen replied with equal friendliness of tone. The division takes place a few minutes before Thursday midnight, the probable result being that the Government will be left in a minority of between thirty and forty votes, and that Mr. Gladstone will then be called on to form a Ministry.

The proceedings of the new House began with the swearing-in of members, which continued through the earlier sittings to the very end of the debate. A feature of this rather tedious formality was the marked preference of some of the Radical and Labour members for the affirmation. On one side of the table facilities were given for taking the oath, the other was given up to the affirmers. Some of the earlier affirmations were undoubtedly made under misapprehension. A member cannot under Mr. Bradlaugh's Act swear or affirm as he pleases. He has to plead an objection on the ground of want of religious belief. As soon as this point was put a good many members had to confess that they were just as ready to take the oath as to affirm, and so had to subscribe to both forms.

The re-election of Mr. Peel as Speaker was the first formality of any consequence in which the new House was engaged, and it was done without a whisper of opposition. Sir Matthew White Ridley, an old and very generally respected member of the House, whose own name has been more than once





MILITARY MANŒUVRES AT FRENTHAM, NEAR ALDERSHOT: ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY GALLOPING INTO POSITION.

During the week ending on Aug. 6, from day to day, field operations were performed on a rather large scale, for England, by the troops of the Aldershot division, with some Volunteer battalions, forty or fifty thousand men being engaged on some occasions. It would be difficult, within our space, to describe the plans and the performance of these complex manœuvres, which can hardly be understood without precise topographical details, as well as those of the different brigades, and various changes in the composition and command of the opposed forces. Their movements extended over a wide piece of country in Hampshire, with long and often

circuitous marches. On Friday, Aug. 5, there was an attack upon Caesar's Camp, by a strong force under General King, with whom Generals Crealock and Utterson were associated; the Northamptonshire Regiment led the attack; the Highland Light Infantry most steadily defended the position. The Guards, the Cameronians, the South Wales Borderers, and the Warwickshire Regiment were engaged. Our sketch is of another affair, the Royal Horse Artillery in action at Frentham, where a standing camp was formed on Monday Aug. 1, commanded by Major-General Gregorie, and sustained a vigorous attack on a subsequent day. But in a

general engagement on the Wednesday, under the personal supervision of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood as Umpire-in-Chief, nearly 50,000 men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were brought into the field, one force defending an entrenched position on the Fox Hills, the other, greatly superior in numbers, attacking that position. The operations of the day were based upon the general principle that the main body of an invading force, advancing northwards, had reached Frentham, and that the defenders were being concentrated at Reading, with advanced forces at Bagshot and to the westward of that village.



## PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

## VIII.—ARTISTS.

From the Press to the palette in Germany the path takes an ascending course, though there was one Sovereign of Prussia—and I think it was Frederick William IV.—who, wishing to mark the extremes of social gradations within his dominions made use of the expression, "Vom König bis zum Künstler herab" ("From the King down to the artist"). But things have changed for the better since then, so much so, indeed, that the same expression might still be used to define the social range of those who are *hoffähig*, "court-capable," or entitled by their birth, position, or accomplishments to be bidden to Court. For this amelioration of their status the artists of Germany, and more especially of Berlin, have mainly to thank the Empress Frederick, who, with her liberal-minded consort, when Crown Princess, made a point of breaking with Prussian tradition and introducing to their Court a leavening element of art and intellect. Indeed, at Berlin you have Court artists as well as unofficial Court poets or laureates (of the Wildenbruch order), men like Anton von Werner and Bleibtreu, who accompanied the old Emperor and the Crown Prince on all their campaigns, and recorded on canvas their most prominent incidents (as witness the "Proclamation of the Empire at Versailles"); or Adolph Menzel, who was employed to illustrate by his immortal

the least entitled to cry black-face to the pot. For, broadly speaking, the art of modern Germany, like its literature, is somewhat crude and self-conceited, raw and unrefined, trivial and transitional—either selecting subjects from the most prosaic corners of a repellent world of reality, or soaring into the most absurd and improbable realms of sentimentalism, idealism, and romance. Has art, indeed, ever been known to flourish highly in a country so poor as to be devoid of munificent patrons, and deficient in the material refinement which softens manners and matures the soul? In one word, have arts and arms ever been known to attain to a high degree of perfection side by side? Or is it not rather a law of human development that Mars and Minerva are incompatible deities of a nation's simultaneous worship? In Germany, at least, this would certainly seem to be the case; but take the German artist away from his own social and political surroundings, and transplant him into a more congenial sphere of life and activity, and you shall see of what capital stuff he is made, and how capable of good and even great things he can become.

## IX.—ACTORS.

On the stage, too, as in the streets, you get history and romance reproduced in the most admirable manner by the art of the costumier. Nor is this to be wondered at in a country where archaeological research, which has left no stone of antiquity unturned, does such splendid service as Madame Melpomene's chief attiring maid. Let anyone who has not been to Germany recall the visit of the Meiningen troupe of

And yet there are most distinguished exceptions to this school of roaring rhetoricians; for have I not seen "Tartuffe" and other plays performed at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, with a grace, a subtlety, a refinement, and a self-restraint which could not possibly be surpassed at the Théâtre Français? When Charles Wyndham came over to Berlin to represent "David Garrick" in German, he confessed to me that the native company at the Residenz Theater, which he trained to support himself and Miss Mary Moore, did their respective parts with a perceptive skill which could not have been excelled by his own Criterion troupe; and, indeed, the *tout ensemble* of the performance was simply perfect. The same may be said of other theatres in Germany, and the praise thus accorded to individual companies must be all the more lavish, as the long runs we are accustomed to in England are quite unknown in Germany, where some managers insist on the production of as many different pieces in one week as the week has days. For, do you suppose that the Germans carry their religious observances to the extent of closing their theatres on a Sunday? Contrariwise, it is precisely on Sundays that, while the churches are nearly empty, the theatres are all crammed; and that is what furnishes the extreme pietists and the Jew-baiters with a welcome pretext for treating the Semitic question from the religious instead of from the racial—its real—point of view, and for thus upbraiding the people for preferring the stage to the pulpit as a source of edification. But what in the world has this to do with the Semitic question? Well, only in so



PRINCE BISMARCK'S DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN: AT THE STETTIN RAILWAY STATION.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

etchings the collected "*œuvres*" of Frederick the Great; or Herr Saltzmann, the marine painter, whom the present Kaiser always takes with him on his sea journeys in the double capacity of chronicler and tutor.

In the old days, when kings went forth to battle, their train generally included a minstrel, whose duty it was to immortalise in song the exploits of their masters—though at Bannockburn "proud Edward's" body-bard, being captured by the Scots, had to redeem his life by chanting the victory of Bruce. But in modern times, especially in Germany, the Court poet has been to a great extent supplanted by the Court painter, with the result that the Schloss of Berlin, like the Palace of Versailles, is rich in pictorial records of "*toutes les gloires de la Prusse*." And what a godsend to the poor artists of Berlin was the accession of the present Emperor, who is never happier than when he is sitting for his portrait or his bust, and who, before he was a year upon the throne, had caused himself to be reproduced by various processes of art far more frequently than Frederick the Great did in the course of his long life! When the Prince of Wales went to India his movements and his doings were assiduously recorded by a crowd of accredited newspaper correspondents, who were sometimes bidden to the table of H.R.H., and otherwise officially recognised; but the Kings of Prussia have not much taste for these new "abstract and brief chronicles of the time," preferring the masters of the palette to the masters of the pen as the annalists of their glories, and as men whose good report they would rather have when living than a bad epitaph from them after death.

But the question arises: Is the palette, then, in Germany worthier than the pen, and more praiseworthy in its productions? To which the answer must be that they are indeed pretty much of a muchness, and that in the case of these two rivals for fame, as between most others, the kettle is not in

players to London several years ago, and say whether their histrionic excellence was not as much, was not, perhaps, more due to their art of dressing than to their dramatic action. For in Germany, as in some other countries, the prevailing conception of histrionism, curiously enough, is that it is not so much an art of *acting* as an art of *speaking*, the result being that where you hope for expression of character and the conveyance of thought by situations, looks, shrugs, starts, and twitches, you are mainly treated to loud and monotonous declamation. The German player—especially in tragedy—is less of an actor than of an elocutionist; though in comedy and its lighter subdivisions, curiously enough, he is much more natural and pleasing. "Hamlet" is far oftener performed upon the German stage than any other tragedy of home or foreign authorship, and yet there is not one in ten of those who take part in it that profit by the Prince of Denmark's sound advice to the players. There is far too much tendency with German actors to tear a passion to tatters—to very rags; and the root of this evil, again, is the excessive energy and exuberance of the people as well as of their language. Strength is a quality which is simply worshipped by the Germans, who abound with it in every direction themselves—rough, buoyant, almost boisterous strength, not yet fully conscious of the superior graces and expressive power of reserve and repose. A fierce blaze of uninterrupted sunshine is preferred to the harmonious use of artistic light and shade; a river of rhetoric must not consist of rapids alternating with stretches of placid water, but be as continuous a torrent as the rhymed tragedies of Herr von Wildenbruch (such as the "Neue Herr" and other patriotic plays beloved of the Emperor), in which the most forcible and Titanic epithets act like so many jagged rocks and boulders in the bed of a mountain stream, chafing and churning it into foam and fury.

far as that it is men of Hebrew origin who have succeeded in asserting their supremacy over the purely German element as theatre proprietors, actors, and dramatic authors, in conformity with the maxim "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*." When Ludwig Barnay, a Hungarian Jew, celebrated his jubilee, the inside of his Berliner Theater looked like a votive temple on a day of triumph; and even the Emperor added a stone to the cairn of compliments under which he was well-nigh buried by sending him a high decoration. For his Majesty makes no distinction between Jew and Gentile in his appreciation and reward of art.

## PRINCE BISMARCK AT BERLIN.

On account of the political interest which may, in the present critical state of German public opinion, be attached to Prince Bismarck's recent speeches and conversations with deputies or interviewers in Austria and Bavaria, at Weimar, Jena, and Dresden, different stages of his progress have been duly noticed among foreign news. On Saturday, Aug. 6, in his journey homeward to Varzin, his own abode in Pomerania, the sturdy veteran statesman passed by Berlin, where he was met, both at the Spandau and at the Stettin railway stations, by a multitude of Berlin citizens, estimated at three thousand, who cheered him loudly. He made two short speeches, thanking those who had welcomed him, and referring to the attacks made upon him by the journals devoted to the service of the present Imperial Government. He said that for thirty years he had been accustomed to vilification by some part of the German Press, often much worse than now. "I care nothing at all for those articles," he added; "they have made my skin so callous that the printer's ink will penetrate no more."



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen is to leave Osborne for Balmoral on Aug. 23 or 24, and, according to present arrangements, the Court will stay in Scotland until Nov. 11.

Every fine morning during the Queen's present residence at Osborne, her Majesty (says *Truth*) has gone out for a long, leisurely airing in her donkey-chaise, accompanied by the children of Princess Beatrice, who ride in a little basket-carriage, drawn by a cream-coloured pony. As a rule, the Queen confines her morning excursions to the Osborne demesne, which affords a charming private drive of six miles, but two or three times the party have proceeded as far as the village of Whippingham.

The dinner-parties which the Queen gave last week at Osborne in honour of the German Emperor were (says the *World*) State functions in everything but the name. The table and buffets were covered with magnificent gold and silver plate, which had been brought from Windsor for the purposes of these entertainments, including shields, tankards, salvers, vases, cups, ice-pails, candelabra, and tureens. There was also a huge silver bowl, which commemorates the successes of the Queen's cattle from the royal farms at Windsor during the Jubilee year. Lord and Lady Rothschild's superb Jubilee gift to her Majesty and the Elkington Cup were also displayed. The gold dinner service formed by George IV. was to have been used, but ultimately a very pretty service of white Coalport china, each piece being adorned with the Garter in blue and gold, was selected. This is the private property of the Queen. The dessert service was the famous Sèvres set from Windsor, which was purchased by George IV. The floral decorations of the room were very beautiful, the arrangement of the ferns evoking general admiration.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and suite, arrived at Portsmouth from Sandringham on Aug. 8, having travelled without changing carriages in a Great Eastern train which ran direct into the dockyard to the water's edge. The royal party embarked on the *Alberta* and left for Osborne. They were accompanied on their passage by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught.

The bells of Windsor were rung on Saturday, Aug. 6, and a royal salute was fired in the Long Walk in celebration of the forty-eighth birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh. At Devonport the shops were dressed with flags, and a royal salute was fired from the Cambridge at noon. There was a small dinner party at Admiralty House, followed by private theatricals.

The Queen has conferred a peerage upon the Right Hon. Lord Shand. Sir James Parker Deane, Q.C., Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has been made a Privy Councillor; and Mr. James Forrest Fulton, Common Serjeant of the City of London, a Knight.

It is stated that the German Emperor has expressed to the German Ambassador in London his pleasure at the result of his trip to Cowes this year. He enjoyed his visit greatly, and thanks all those who in various ways were instrumental in making his yachting cruise in England a most perfect holiday. The Emperor, it is understood, has given a promise to come to Cowes again next year. He has given several presents, and special orders presented by his Imperial Majesty will be announced next week.

Mr. Gladstone's faithful helper in the formation of his approaching Government is Sir Algernon West, an old Treasury official, a confidential friend and devoted follower of Mr. Gladstone, and a man of large ability and experience. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, relies more on Sir Algernon's suggestions than on any other of the numerous sources of inspiration which have been presented to him. Sir Algernon belongs, indeed, to the type of extremely able, if slightly conservative, officials with which Mr. Gladstone has supplied the Civil Service.

The general opinion is that the new Gladstone Government will, like the preceding three Administrations, consist mainly of the elder members of the party, "the old gang" as they are irreverently called. Mr. Asquith will probably be the one new and young man who will attain Cabinet rank, and even this is doubtful. In 1880 Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain were able to make a united demand on Mr. Gladstone for Radical representation in the Cabinet, but now the men below the gangway are hardly strong enough, in personality and in position to take quite such a strong line as this. However, there are vacancies in the ranks of Mr. Gladstone's old friends, and there are some under-secretaryships available. But in nine cases out of ten an under-secretary is a mere upper clerk; so that, whatever happens, the balance of power in the new Government will not be transferred from the old and moderate to the new and more advanced men.

Among the gentlemen whom Mr. Gladstone may be expected to select for some of the smaller posts in his Government have been mentioned Dr. Hunter (who would make an excellent Financial Secretary to the Treasury), Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. Arthur Acland (who may go to the Local Government Board), Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Walter Foster, Mr. Herbert Gardner, and Mr. Causton (who are likely candidates for the post of second or third Whips), Mr. Channing (as representing the railway men), Mr. Cobb (agricultural labourers), Lord Carrington (the Colonies), and one or two others. All of these gentlemen will, of course, not get office; for some of them places will unquestionably be made.

Many constituencies still remain in doubt as to their representatives. As successor to Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce in the Holborn Division of Finsbury Sir Charles Hall was elected as a Conservative without opposition. Mr. Naoroji, the Liberal member for Central Finsbury, retained his seat on a recount, raising his majority from three to five; but a petition is, nevertheless, pending here. Petitions have also been lodged against Mr. Balfour at Manchester, Mr. Davitt in North Meath, also at Hexham, East Clare, South Meath, and Stepney.

It now appears that the purchaser of the Althorp Library was Mrs. John Rylands, who has for some time been spending large sums of money on rare books. Mrs. Rylands desires at

present to leave open the question of the ultimate destination of her treasures.

The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, now amounts to about £19,000. The Lord Mayor's committee are making a special appeal for left-off clothing and blankets for the poorer members of the burned-out population of St. John's during the coming winter.

Eastwell Park, late the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh, was sold by auction, on Aug. 9, by Messrs. J. A. Lumley and Co., of St. James's Street. The magnificent estate, which belonged to the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, was sold to Lord Gerard for nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

A message sent by pigeon as an experiment was published in the *Telegraph* of Aug. 9. It was dispatched from the *Arethusa*, at sea, on the previous Saturday.

The Naval Manœuvres in the Irish Sea, and on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, to the north and to the south, approached by fleets entering that sea, either from Queenstown, or by the straits passing the Mull of Cantyre and the Mull of Galloway, had fairly commenced at the end of the first week in August. We have already described their general plan; the "Red" fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral Fairfax, with its second division under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, defends our country against the "Blue" squadron of Admiral St. John, which, on Aug. 4, having entered the Irish Sea, was assembled in Belfast Lough. The leading division of the "Red" had passed round the west and north coasts of Ireland, being at Killery Bay on Friday, Aug. 5, when the Admiralty telegram ordered hostilities to begin. It is the object of this fleet, its second division having entered by St. George's Channel, aided by a reserve squadron of coast-defence vessels at Milford Haven, to form a junction in spite of the "Blue" hostile force, which has a powerful flotilla of torpedo-boats.

Mr. Asquith, the gentleman who has opened the Parliamentary ball by moving a resolution of "No confidence" in the Government, has already made his mark both in the House and at the Bar. He is still quite young—just forty—yet he has made a number of speeches which have fixed men's attention on him, while his defence of Mr. Cuninghame Graham and Mr. John Burns, M.P., in the Trafalgar Square

have ended, the proposals of the Prussian Finance Minister, Dr. Miquel, call forth some expressions of disapprobation. The Minister of the Interior, Herr Herrfurth, has been obliged to resign, not agreeing with his colleague on questions of local taxation. Imperial projects, also, of military and naval improvement are thought likely to increase the financial burthens of all the German States, and some of them are not content that it should be so. Two new German ironclad ships were launched on Aug. 6 at Kiel. On the other hand, there is a rumour of approaching negotiations for a commercial treaty between Germany and Russia.

The cholera has already caused about 25,000 deaths in Russia, raging with most virulence in the Don territory and in Saratoff and Samara, on the Volga; it has appeared in a mild form, with few deaths, at Nijni-Novgorod, Kazan, Perm, and several other Eastern towns; one or two cases have occurred at Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is far worse on the shores of the Caspian, and Persia suffers greatly. There can be little doubt that it originated in Tartary, and came through the Trans-Caspian provinces of the Russian Empire with traffic by the railway constructed not long ago. Cholera riots have broken out at Astrabad. The Shah of Persia, who was on a tour at Ispahan or Shiraz, returns to his capital, Teheran, on account of the distressing condition of that city.

Servian as well as Bulgarian patriotic politicians are denouncing in their papers, which appear to have semi-official authority, the alleged Russian intrigues against the established independent Governments of those countries; there are fresh suspicions of assassination plots, this time designed to take the life of the Bulgarian diplomatic agent at Constantinople, while in Servia documents are published to show that the ecclesiastical Metropolitan Michael was in Russian pay six years ago, and that he was then practising to dethrone King Milan and to set up the dynasty of Prince Karageorgevitch.

The affair of the rupture of Sir C. Euan-Smith's diplomatic negotiations with the Sultan of Morocco at Fez now assumes a milder aspect than was at first supposed. Sir C. Euan-Smith states that the published reports of it were incorrect; there was no threat or insult, and none of the British Legation had cause for alarm concerning their personal safety. But Morocco seems to be falling into a state of anarchy; the Sultan's troops, in some places, decline to face the rebel tribes, and within a few miles of Tangier, on Aug. 7, a force of cavalry and infantry, 1500 strong, was defeated in a fight with the Angherites, losing about thirty men.

Russia has organised a military expedition to occupy the Pamir plateau and to expel the Chinese. The Russian forces now garrisoning the Trans-Caspian Tartary province of Ferghana, beyond Samarcand, amount to seven thousand. Colonel Grombchevski, a well-known explorer of the Pamir, is appointed Governor of the district.

The Central Asian question has thus come to the fore again. Russia has dispatched Colonel Yanoff with a detachment of Cosaks into the Pamir highlands, with the ostensible object of protecting the Kirghiz tribes who acknowledge Russian supremacy from the exactions of the Afghans on the west and the Chinese on the east, and she is said to have actually occupied various points of strategic importance beyond her own territory—e.g., Tagharma, on the road to Yarkand, in Chinese Turkistan, and Ak-kash, which marks one of the approaches to the Baroghil and Kilik Passes into British India. Colonel Yanoff is the same officer who took upon himself to warn Captain

Younghusband and Lieutenant Davison off the Southern Pamir last year, an act for which the Czar's Government subsequently apologised. The true value of this apology can now be gauged, for there is no doubt that both the points said to be occupied by the Russians are beyond their sphere of authority or influence. A collision has occurred near Somatash, in the Alichur Pamir, and the Afghans appear to have got the best of it, an advantage, however, which they are not likely to retain long in the face of their powerful and aggressive neighbour. The situation is not without its anxieties, and the prompt response of the Indian Government in dispatching a mountain battery and two foot regiments with their complement of twenty officers to Gilgit, our frontier station, will command general approval.

Meantime, in Afghanistan matters are assuming a critical phase, for the Hazaras, one of the most powerful tribes, occupying a mountainous and inaccessible region in the heart of the country, have rebelled against the Ameer, and the rising is said to have attained very serious dimensions. The intelligence which reaches us is of a necessarily vague character, but there appears to be no doubt that the primary cause of the revolt was the exactions and cruelties practised by the lawless Afghan soldiery on the Oruzghan Hazaras, among whom the former were quartered. The other clans or sections of the great Hazara tribes seem to have made common cause with their brethren, and the troops sent by the Ameer to quell the rising have been powerless to re-establish order. Such a state of things one would think would induce the ruler of a half-civilised country like Afghanistan to avoid the slightest chance of giving offence in other directions at so critical a juncture and to concentrate his attention and his forces on the disaffected province. But, so far from doing this, Abdurrahman has not scrupled to invade Bajaur, which is independent territory near the British frontier, and to adopt an almost defiant tone towards the Indian Government, who desired him to withdraw his troops. This awkward *impasse* has induced the Viceroy to organise a mission under Lord Roberts, the Indian Commander-in-Chief, with instructions to repair to Jelalabad and hold a conference with the Ameer. The situation is an anxious one, recalling irresistibly the futile mission to Shere Ali of 1878 under Sir Neville Chamberlain, which was fired upon when attempting to enter Afghanistan and which led to the Afghan War. We earnestly trust that the present ruler of the country will prove more reasonable, and that a frank interview and mutual explanations with the accredited representative of the Viceroy will remove misunderstandings and enable the Ameer to settle his difficulties.



MR. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.  
MOVER OF THE "NO CONFIDENCE" VOTE.

MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P.  
SECONDER OF THE "NO CONFIDENCE" VOTE.

riots, and his cross-examination of Mr. Macdonald before the Parnell Commission, were quite in the line of the great efforts in forensic politics. He is an old Balliol scholar, was President of the Oxford Union, and was probably the most brilliant man of his year. His oratorical method is excellent, his elocution clear, strong, and well-balanced, and his arguments are always put with a certain force as well as with singular epigrammatic neatness. His defect is a certain coldness of temper and a lawyer-like habit of mind, which does not leave him when he rises from the green benches. His speech on Monday, Aug. 8, was a distinct success, though at no point did it touch the highest level of Parliamentary oratory.

Mr. Burt's speech in seconding the motion of "No confidence" was a very simple, unpretentious effort, effective enough in its way, but lacking in any pretence of form. The member for Morpeth is probably the one member of the House who uses a pronounced dialect with perfect success. Mr. Burt's broad Northumbrian is always a welcome sound, and his personality carries universal respect with it. The chances are that the ex-miner will succeed Mr. Broadhurst as Mr. Gladstone's working-man Minister, and, like his predecessor the ex-stonemason, he will go to the Home Office as Under-Secretary. He is probably more in touch with the New Unionism than any prominent member of the older body of unionists, and his gentle and winning character, as well as his genuine intellectual powers, will be a source of strength to his colleagues.

The attention of French official and public opinion seems much turned in these days towards West Africa, the Niger and the Congo. The dispute with the Belgian administration of the Congo State, from which France demands a pecuniary compensation for the killing of M. Poumayrac by some natives, on French territory—because, it is said, those natives belonged to the Belgian territory—is becoming disagreeable; but the frontier has not yet been well defined with regard to the Oubanghi district, north-west of the Middle Congo. Diplomatic negotiations are still going on. Lieutenant Mizon, whose accusation of English agents of the Royal Niger Company are indignantly denied by the chairman, Lord Aberdare, has been largely furnished with goods and funds by his Parisian supporters; he was to embark at Bordeaux on Aug. 10 for a new African expedition, sanctioned by President Carnot. The French Government has resolved upon a series of measures for the consolidation of its territories in Upper Senegambia, in connection with the colony of Senegal; and Colonel Archinard is to go, in September, to take command of an armed force in those territories which lie between Bakel and the Upper Niger.

In Germany, now that Prince Bismarck's tour and course of political utterances to the disparagement of his successor



## PERSONAL.

The most conspicuous new member of the House of Commons is Mr. Edward Blake, formerly Leader of the Liberal Party in Canada, who has, however, never been associated with the scandals that have disgraced Canadian politics. Mr. Blake has attached himself to the Anti-Parnellite section of the Nationalists, and on the first day of the new House of Commons he sat next Mr. Davitt. He is a lawyer as well as a politician of distinction, and his speech at the Eighty Club dinner struck a note of singular independence and power. It was a little spoiled for an English audience by the fact that every word of it was read—it is true, in a fine and sonorous voice—from manuscript; but it was a remarkable plea for a moderate form of Home Rule, accompanied by strong guarantees of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and the continued representation of the Irish members. Mr. Blake's presence is a commanding one. His tall figure, massive head, crowned with rather quaintly worn and abundant brown-grey hair, and strong, sharply-cut face, suggest at times a certain resemblance to Barry Sullivan. He has made an excellent impression on the House.

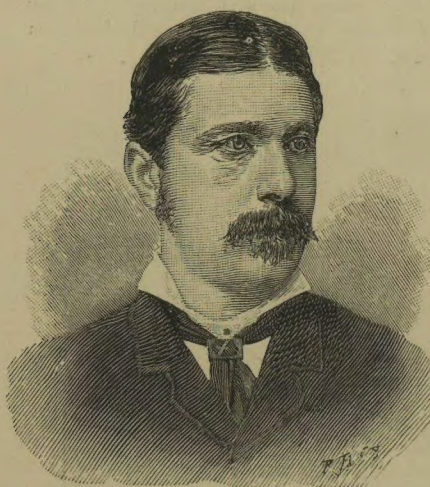


THE HON. E. BLAKE, M.P.

The Rev. Joseph Sidney Hill, who is to succeed the coloured Bishop Crowther in the see of the Niger territory, has had, for a man of his years, a singularly varied experience. Resolving early in life to become a missionary, he offered himself to the C.M.S., and was trained in its college at Islington. He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London in 1876, and went out to Lagos, on the West African coast. Here he nearly lost his life while bathing, but was rescued by a native, who not so long before had been imprisoned for threatening to kill the first white man he could lay hands on. Mr. Hill's next field was New Zealand, where he was shipwrecked on the way to his work. Here he did excellent service in a training college for the education of native clergy, but afterwards was invited to take up parochial mission preaching for the Church in New Zealand. Mr. Hill was a marked success in this difficult work, and on his return to England in 1890 he joined the staff of the Church Parochial Mission Society. His heart was still, however, in the mission-field, and when serious losses overtook the European staff on the Niger he volunteered for what might almost be called the forlorn hope. His offer had already been accepted when a vacancy in the see of the Niger occurred. Mr. Hill goes out in the first place as Commissary of the Archbishop of Canterbury and director of the C.M.S. mission. The committee of the society took formal leave of him this week.

The Rev. R. P. Ashe, whose letters from Uganda have thrown desirable light upon the unhappy disturbances in that country, is one of the most experienced of African missionaries. He joined the staff of the Church Missionary Society in 1882, and was in Uganda during the troublous times that preceded and followed the murder of Bishop Hannington. The friend and companion of the late Alexander M. Mackay, Mr. Ashe passed through great tribulation in Uganda in 1885-6, and King Mwanga at one time ordered them to be put to death. But the command was not carried out, and ultimately the king consented to Mr. Ashe leaving the country. He reached England early in 1887, and was much sought after for public meetings of a missionary character. He took up a curacy at Wareham, but his heart was in Africa, and last year saw him again setting out for Uganda. He is a man of very strong individuality, with very clear and definite opinions, which he expresses with a freedom that is sometimes inconvenient. But for this little failing he would, no doubt, have been appointed to the bishopric on the death of Bishop Parker, but a "safer" man was chosen. Mr. Ashe, however, as his interesting book "Two Kings of Uganda" shows, has a very intimate knowledge of the country and people of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

Sir William Charley's successor in the Common Serjeantship is Sir Forrest Fulton, to whom the gift of a knighthood was one of the last acts of the retiring Government. He was member for North West Ham in the 1886 Parliament, and lost his seat at the last election to Mr. Archibald Grove, the editor of the *New Review*. Mr. Fulton is a successful criminal lawyer, competent and experienced, and, as he is personally an agreeable man, he is likely to be a success in his new position. He is a

SIR J. FORREST FULTON, Q.C.,  
The New Common Serjeant.

man of some legal accomplishment, and has written a manual of English Constitutional law. He is a nephew, by marriage, of Dr. Jessopp, the famous writer, historian, and archaeologist, and he was born in 1846. He has for some time acted as Junior Counsel for the Treasury.

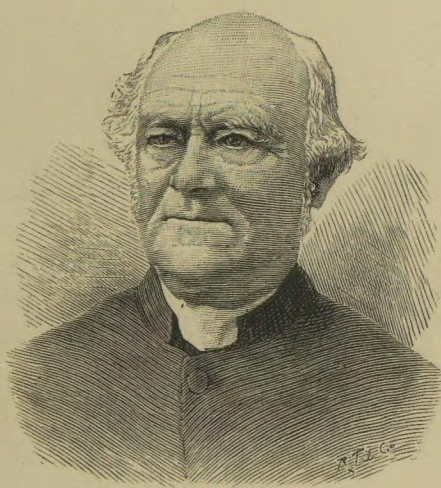
The Duke of Connaught (says *Truth*) has privately intimated his wish to be relieved of the Portsmouth command as soon as possible. The air of Portsmouth does not suit the Duchess, who has been constantly out of health ever since she went there; and she is now in the south of France with her son, and, on returning to England, her Royal Highness will go to Scotland for several weeks, accompanied by the Duke and their children.

Her Majesty wishes the Duke of Connaught to be given the command at Aldershot when it becomes vacant, as he could combine his duties at the camp with frequent residences at Bagshot Park. H.R.H. himself is understood to be anxious for the Malta command, but nothing definite is likely to be settled for some time to come.

The Earl of Bathurst, who died on Bank Holiday at his Gloucestershire residence, Cirencester House, a somewhat gloomy looking mansion standing in most beautiful and extensive grounds, was the head of a Saxon family who settled near Battle, in Sussex, at a place they called Batters-hurst, in remembrance of their old home in the duchy of Luneburg. Their Sussex property was confiscated in the reign of the fourth Edward. With Alderman Bathurst, who flourished in the time of Elizabeth, this ancient family regained much of their prosperity. The Bathursts were staunch Royalists, and six brothers died in the service of Charles I. The earldom of Bathurst was bestowed on the representative of the family in 1772, just sixty years after that gentleman (who lived to the age of ninety-one) had been created a baron. The second Earl became Lord Chancellor during the lifetime of his father, while the third was President of the Council during the administration of the Iron Duke. The late Earl, who succeeded his uncle in 1878, sat as M.P. for Cirencester for more than twenty years, and was extremely popular in the West.

Lord Inchiquin, on whom her Majesty has bestowed the collar of St. Patrick vacant by the death of the Marquis of Drogheda, is the head of one of the few native Irish houses at present to be found in the peerage of Ireland. The O'Briens, from whom his lordship is descended, were Kings of Munster till the reign of Henry VIII, when Murrugh O'Brien surrendered his royalty to that monarch, and was in consequence created Earl of Thomond for life, and Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his heirs male. Lord Inchiquin, who is a representative Irish peer, was born in 1839, and has been twice married—first to a daughter of Lord Heytesbury, and secondly, in 1874, to the eldest daughter of Lord Annull.

In the traditions of Eton history, transmitted from fathers to sons educated there in successive generations, the jubilee of old King George III., celebrated in 1810, was an event to be remembered, as it has been, until the years which have refreshed schoolboy Conservative loyalty with Queen Victoria's Jubilee and her Majesty's visit to Eton in 1887. Upon the latter occasion, one of the incidents which most pleased the Queen was to see in the Vice-Provost, the late Rev. John

THE LATE REV. JOHN WILDER,  
Vice-Provost of Eton.

Wilder, M.A., a man who had been an Eton boy when the King, her grandfather, received the College boys' address of congratulation. Mr. Wilder, who has lived to the age of ninety-one, was appointed an assistant master in 1824, after taking his degree at Cambridge; he became a Fellow of Eton in 1840, and Vice-Provost in 1885. He was rector of Sulham, near Reading. As a benefactor of Eton, his gifts of painted windows for the chapel and of decorations for the hall will preserve his memory there.

The news that Madame Nordica has been asked by Frau Cosima Wagner to sing Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser" before the termination of the present season at Bayreuth is a welcome sign that there is to be less exclusiveness than has been shown hitherto in the choice of artists for these festival performances. It must be admitted even by the most regular worshippers at the Wagnerian shrine that the principal performers are not now on an average so eminent as they were in the first years of the undertaking. Without seeking to explain this, we may, at any rate, hail with satisfaction an indication that the authorities are prepared to strengthen their ensemble by the engagement of foreign artists. The only essential is that the latter shall be equally willing to master their parts in the German language, and declaim their music with the same intelligence and dramatic force as their Teutonic rivals. That this can be done there is no manner of doubt. M. van Dyck, who is a Belgian, has for some time been regarded as the ideal Parsifal; and we see no reason why Madame Nordica—an American by birth, but a cosmopolitan artist by training and experience—should not prove herself an equally successful exponent of the Bayreuth traditions.

Lord Teynham, who died at Linstead, Sidecup, in his seventieth year, was the head of a very ancient Gloucestershire family named Musard, who migrated to Kent and assumed the name of Roper in the reign of Henry III. It was an ancestor of Lord Teynham's, William Roper, who married the daughter of Sir Thomas More, whose filial devotion is a matter of history, and who was buried with her father's head in her arms. It was not till the beginning of this century that the fourteenth Baron Teynham assumed the additional surname of Curzon. The late Lord Teynham was the seventeenth holder of the title, which was conferred on Sir John Roper in 1616. Linstead, where his lordship died, came to the family through marriage with the Tylers, to whom it belonged. Lord Teynham is succeeded in the title by his elder son.

Madame Patti-Nicolini is just now entertaining a large party of guests at Craig-y-nos Castle, where, by-the-way, she has just had fitted in the winter garden a luminous fountain, exactly like that which plays in the grounds of the Paris

Trocadero—the only other of the kind in existence. On Thursday, Aug. 11, Madame Patti was to give her annual morning concert in aid of the poor of Neath, Brecon, and the Swansea Valley. The concert is held at each of these places in turn, and this year the privilege falls to the town of Neath, which has been preparing to be en fête for the eventful occasion. The artists announced to assist the diva at this concert were Mdlles. Marianne and Clara Eissler, Mr. Durward Lely, Signor Bonetti, Signor Tito Mattei, and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz.

"The other day," writes Mrs. L. B. Walford in her London letter for the *New York Critic*, "I was shown by a collector of curios in very humble quarters in this neighbourhood, a curious old playbill, in which Henry Irving—the 'Henry Irving' of to-day—played under his own name of 'John Henry Brodribb.' There are not many playgoers, I fancy, who have seen 'John Henry Brodribb' on the boards; fame soon came to the young actor; though why he saw fit to leave the one patronymic behind and adopt the other is not very intelligible. 'Brodribb' is not such a bad name—'Irving' is not such a particularly good one."

"Smithy Rhymes and Stithy Chimes," a collection of verses mainly in the dialect of Yorkshire, is well known in that county as the production of Mr. Joseph Senior, who was, during the greater portion of his life, a working cutler in Sheffield, the place and trade that Charles Reade, in "Put Yourself in His Place," has made familiar to thousands who have never been in the northern manufacturing town. Most of his rhymes were "hammered out" while working at his forge. At the age of sixty-five Mr. Senior was smitten with blindness, and since then, till his death a few days ago, he devoted himself to poetry. It was a pride to him to show his friends Lord Tennyson's kindly letter acknowledging a copy of the poet-cutler's book of verse.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

For the portraits in this issue we are indebted to the courtesy of the following photographers: Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street; Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street; Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Lombardi, Pall Mall East; Mr. Boucher, Brighton; Mr. Marsters, Nottingham; the Sherwood Photo Company, Mansfield; Mr. Falk, Broadway, New York; and Mr. Bruce, Toronto.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The confirmation by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of the Archbishop of Canterbury's judgment in the Bishop of Lincoln's case was heard by a small and outwardly apathetic audience in the Privy Council board-room. Among those present were Captain Cobham (Chairman of the Church Association), Mr. Outram Marshall (Secretary of the English Church Union), Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., Mr. Sydney Gedge, Canon Browne of St. Paul's, and Mr. Mandeville Phillips, secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The result is certainly a great triumph for the Archbishop. Indeed, the judgment seems to go rather further than his ruling, and to decide that the west side of the table looking east is the proper position at the prayer of consecration. It may be true that the committee allowed other considerations than those of strict legality to weigh with them; but the issue is not hopeful for those who have advocated the policy which has secured it. It should be remembered that the Archbishop decided against Dr. King on two points: his making the sign of the Cross in Absolution, and his so standing at the Holy Table that the people could not see the manual acts.

Many of our older readers will remember the remarkable sermons which Dr. Alfred Bowen Evans used to preach in St. Andrew's, Wells Street, on Sunday evenings. A brief but happy characterisation appeared in Canon Furse's brilliant article on Dr. Pusey in the *Church Quarterly Review*. A contributor to the *Newbury House Magazine* tells the following story apropos of the publication of these sermons: It was proposed to raise a small sum to defray the cost of printing, and a rich, crotchety Churchman was asked to help. "I know you'll go putting S. for St., and all that sort of thing." "Ah, well," said the friend, "if you will help I will undertake that St. shall be put for Saint throughout." "In that case," replied the gentleman, "I will give ten pounds; but I don't quite like the way he does his hair—those two little curls on each side I think in very bad taste." "Well," replied Dr. Evans's friend, "if you will give another ten pounds I don't mind asking him to cut off those curls." The sermons were printed, and St. for Saint was given throughout. The fate of the curls is left untold.

A story is told by the same writer of Robert Montgomery, Macaulay's victim, who preached in Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square (now taken down). His best-known book was called "Satan," and he himself was at times called "Satan Montgomery." Calling one day on a High Church publisher, he entered his office in his usual loud manner. "My name is Montgomery. You know me." The publisher got up from his seat rather startled, and said, "Oh, yes—Satan."

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference of this year was considered somewhat conservative in its leanings. The great influence exerted by the Forward School was for the time somewhat checked. The President, Dr. Rigg, naturally did much to guide the assemblies. One speaker, supposed to belong to the older school, said that the last seven years had been the most unsatisfactory in the century so far as increase of membership was concerned. To this the advanced men may reply that the increase would have been more unsatisfactory still had it not been for their methods. This may be true, but it is not necessarily convincing.

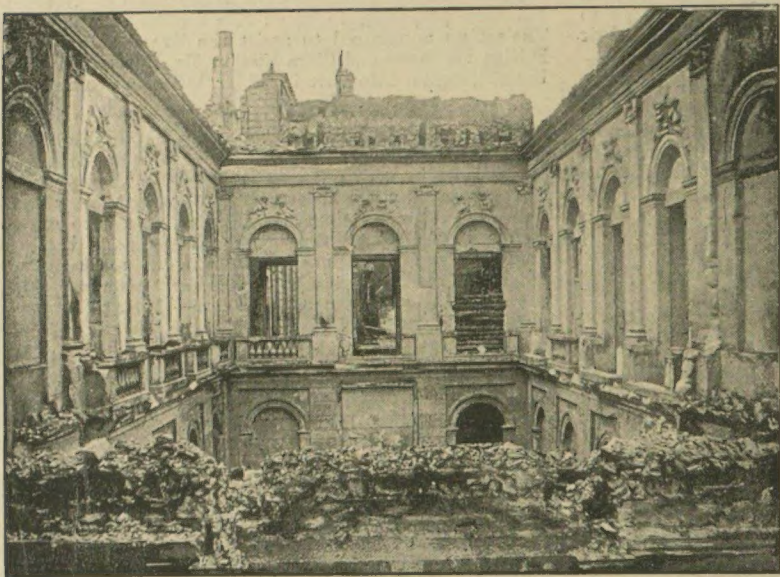
A somewhat elaborate work on the Puritans in Holland, England, and America has been published in New York. The author, Mr. Douglas Campbell, tries to prove that America owes much more to Holland than to England. He claims to have demonstrated that "scarcely any of our institutes are of English origin," and controverts "the further assumption of most writers that our people are an English race."

The magnificent marble pavement in Peterborough Cathedral, the gift of Dean Argles, has now been completed, and the Italian artists who have for many months been engaged upon the work have proceeded to Truro Cathedral to carry out a similar scheme there.

In the *North American Review* for August is an interesting paper on "The Pope at Home," by Giovanni Amadi. The Pope administers every year something like £300,000; but of this only £20,000 is at his personal disposal for his own household, table, linen, private servants, and other items of a like character. The cardinals receive an annuity of £800 each, and this is paid not only to those residing at home, but to those on active duty abroad. No less than £70,000 a year is spent on keeping up and caring for the edifices belonging to the Holy See and their invaluable collections of works of art.



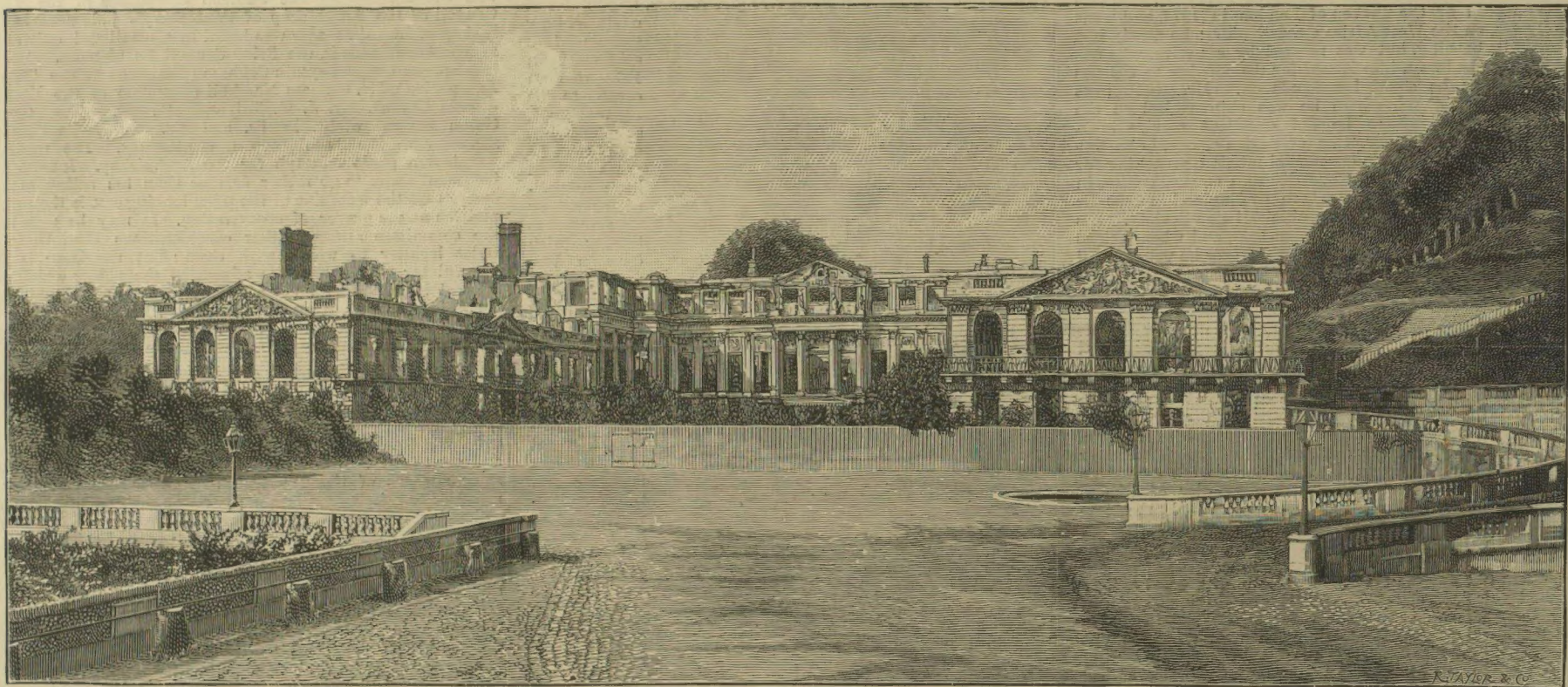
# RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.



The Municipality of Paris, being, under the Republican French Government, invested with the care and disposal of the sites and remains of the royal palaces within its territorial jurisdiction, has sold for a small sum the removable materials of the Palace of St. Cloud, and proposes, it is said, to lay out the ground for public gardens. Most visitors to Paris know this place, which is pleasantly accessible by a drive through the Bois de Boulogne, or can be reached either by the tramway from the Place de la Concorde, or the railway from the Gare St. Lazare, passing Courbevoie, Puteaux, and Suresnes, or by

usurping uncles, lived and died there, and was entombed in a collegiate church no longer existing; he bequeathed his lands to the Bishop of Paris, and was canonised as a saint. The kings of the House of Valois, in the sixteenth century, had a villa residence at St. Cloud, where Henri III. was murdered by the fanatic monk Jacques Clément. It was given by Louis XIV. to his brother Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, the husband of the English Princess Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Here that Princess died, perhaps of poison, as was thought, in 1670; the Duke took

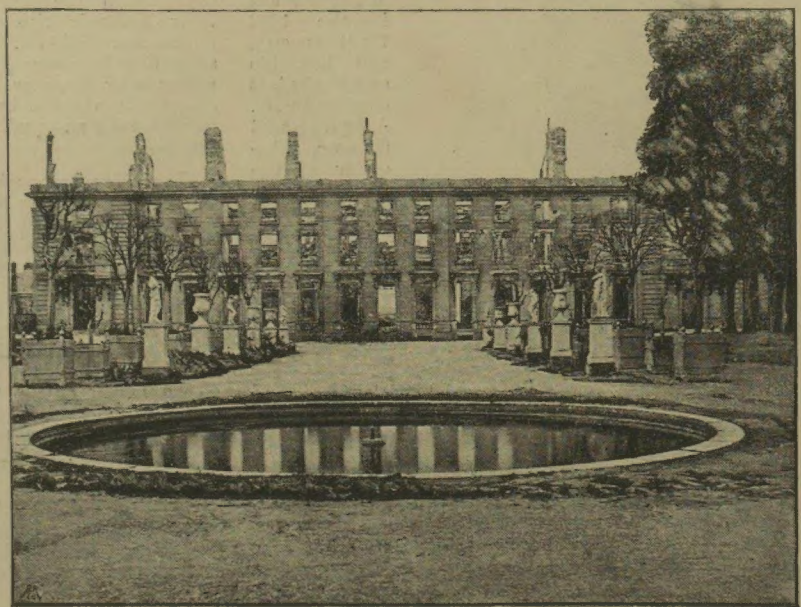
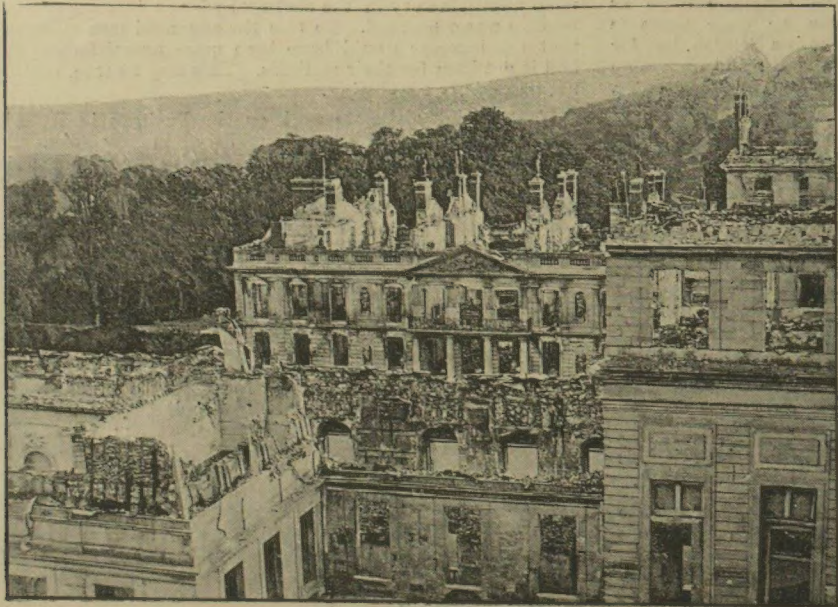
of the architectural designs of Jules Hardouin and Mansart in the seventeenth century; the park was laid out by Lenôtre. Napoleon I. chose St. Cloud for his favourite residence; here his nephew, the future Napoleon III., was baptised in 1805; here the conqueror of Europe, in 1810, married the Austrian Princess Marie Louise; here, in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, the Prussian Field-Marshal Blücher, booted and spurred, lay in the French Emperor's bed. This palace was afterwards inhabited by Kings Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and from 1830 by the Orleans King Louis Philippe,



steam-boat, going past Sèvres, down the Seine. Adjacent to Sèvres, on the left bank of the river, opposite to the suburban village of Boulogne, lies the park of St. Cloud, in which, since Oct. 13, 1870, the ruins of a beautiful edifice, the Royal or Imperial Château or Palace, then destroyed by bombardment in the German siege of Paris, have exhibited a mournful spectacle. The name of St. Cloud is derived, with a slight modern alteration, from that of Clodowald, a young Merovingian prince of the sixth Christian century, who took refuge in a monastery there when his two brothers had been killed by their

another wife, indulged his epicurean appetite too much, and died of apoplexy, to be succeeded by another Philippe d'Orleans, the too famous "Regent" during the minority of King Louis XV., a time still proverbial in France for grossly profligate living. In 1785 Queen Marie Antoinette purchased St. Cloud from the Duc d'Orleans of that time, that notorious personage who a few years later figured among the leaders of the Revolution as a blatant Jacobin, and called himself "Citizen Egalité" when titles of nobility were abolished. Marie Antoinette somewhat altered the interior of the mansion, which was a fine example

son of "Egalité"; and, within our recollection, by the Emperor Napoleon III. In the library here, on July 17, 1870, the Emperor signed his declaration of war against Prussia; three months later, the German armies were besieging Paris. A German corps then occupied a position near St. Cloud; the batteries of the French fort on Mont Valerien opened fire against the enemy, and it was by their bombs, not by those of the enemy, that the palace was destroyed. On the whole, these are mortifying reminiscences; and few can regret that the ruins are now to be cleared away.



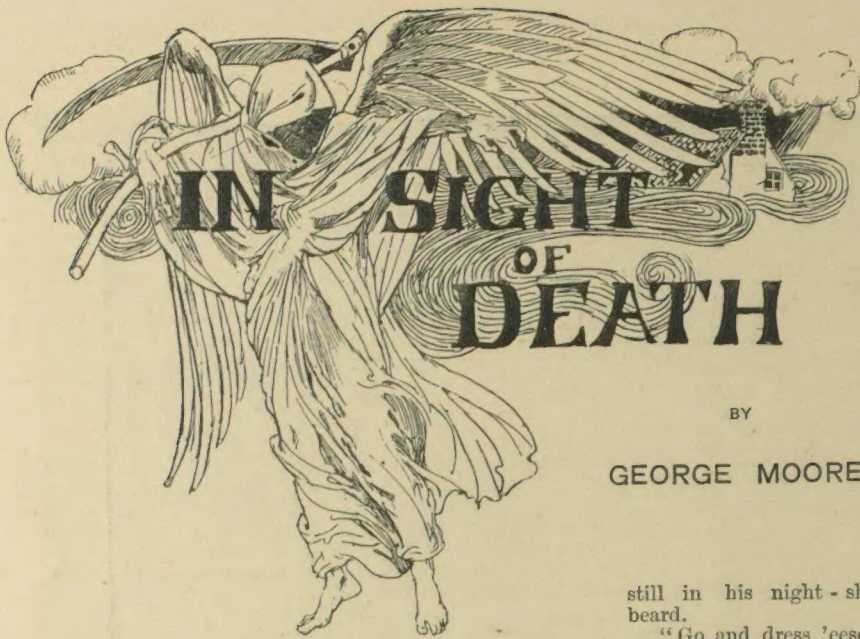




"Well, that was a narrow escape!" chimed the quaking voice of the octogenarian. "I'm sore afraid the house is in a bad way. I've seen many like."

"IN SIGHT OF DEATH."—SEE NEXT PAGE.





BY  
GEORGE MOORE.

long time past Tom had spent his Sunday evenings with the Luptons. At sundown he pulled himself across the river, and when he and Liz came home from their walk supper was on the table. But last evening Liz was frightened at his account of the river, and she said she would not close her eyes if he ventured a second crossing. The fire burnt brightly; there was beer and tobacco on the table; his arm was round Liz's waist. She had turned her pretty freckled face to his, had laid her thin hand on his shoulder, and he had remained. A few more pipes had been smoked, another glass had been drunk, and Tom had been given a blanket and told to make himself comfortable before the fire.

"I never knew the river to rise so high before," said Lupton.

"I did—I did."

It was Daddy. He was still in his night-shirt—still grinning in his white beard.

"Go and dress 'ee self, father." And then to calm the growing apprehension, Lupton loudly demanded breakfast. Mrs. Lupton lighted a fire and made the tea, but they had not been sitting down five minutes when Billy said—

"Father! father! the water be coming in under the door yonder. Take me on 'ee knee, father. 'Ee did promise to take me to Harebridge. If I drown, I sha'n't see the circus!"

Lupton took the little chap on his knee. "There be no danger of that; grandfather will tell 'ee this is nothing to the floods he saw when he was a little boy."

All the while the water continued to pour into the room. Mrs. Lupton took the baby out of the cot, while the others made hasty search for tea, sugar, bacon, eggs, coal, and candles. And they were very wet when they assembled in the Luptons' bed-room. Lupton emptied the water out of his big boots, and called on Tom to do the same; Liz wrung out her petticoats, and, standing round the table, they drank their tea and ate some slices of bread and butter. The baby had been laid asleep on the bed, and Daddy sat there softening his crust in his mug of tea, mumbling to himself, his fading brain full of incoherent recollections. The day had at last succeeded in filtering through masses of grey cloud, and fine mists emerged among the wooded hills; all except Daddy Lupton crowded round the window and surveyed the rushing, watery wilderness.

"The folk in them fine houses will be surprised to see the water at the bottom of their parks," said Lupton.

"They be lucky to live so high up; the water'll never reach they," said Mrs. Lupton. "But'll they think to send boats for us?"

"They 'aven't got boats to send," said Tom. "They be a good mile from the river."

"Tom, dear, it be a pity your boat is gone; you could row me right into Harebridge," said Liz.

"Yes, if 'ee sat very still, and didn't look at me until I forgot to row."

"I'd be lighter than Liz: would 'ee take me, Tom?" said Billy.

As the tops of the apple-trees were still visible, they judged the depth of the water to be about ten feet.

Cattle passed the window, some swimming strong and well, others nearly exhausted. Then a dead horse whirled past, its poor neck stretched out lamentably, and they all laughed at the dead fox that floated so peacefully after a drowned hen-roost. Apples came by in great numbers, and Billy forgot his fears in his desire to obtain some. Great trees rolled heavily in the current, and catching the pointsman's box they took it easily away with them.

"There goes my box, how she do swim! She'd put me into the quay at Harebridge as well as a steam-packet."

An hour passed watching the water, wondering if it were rising or sinking. Liz declared that she was certain the flood was sinking, and all eyes were fixed on the object indicated. A few minutes after it disappeared, and it became clear that the flood was still rising. And it also became clear that it was no mere river inundation, and Lupton said he could only account for the swiftness of the current on the supposition that the embankments up the valley where the factories were had given way. The conversation paused. They walked away from the window, but there was nothing to distract their thoughts, and when their eyes met, each read his own thought on the other's face. "We must do something: what shall we do?"

"Yes, we must do something!" cried Lupton. "We can't drown here like rats. If we had a few bits of timber we might make a raft. But there isn't as much in the room as would swim a cat. 'Tis a pity that bedstead is made of iron."

Tom, who was leaning out of the window, suddenly cried, "Give a hand here, John; 'ee was talking about a raft—I've got one!" He had caught a few planks tied together—a raft that others in the same plight as themselves had vainly endeavoured to escape upon.

"It ain't much of an affair," said Lupton, "the old 'ouse is safer than it. It might carry one."

"Yes; one of us might chance it, and bring back help."

"That's right enough. 'Tis but a poor chance, but one of us had better risk it. Go along, lad; go along, and come back in a boat."

"Tom, don't 'ee leave me!" cried Liz. "Let's be drowned together if we baint to be married."

"Be you mazed, lass?" said Lupton. "Tom will manage all right on them planks, and he'll come back in a boat."

"No, father, no; I'd sooner die with Tom than live without him."

"'Ee arn't the only one. 'Ee'd better let him go, or yonder church will see no wedding party next Monday. . . . Tom, get astride of them planks."

The girl made a forward movement; she thought only of the unbearable separation from her lover. Her hand touched his neck. Tom still held the planks. Her lips did not speak, but her eyes said, "Don't 'ee leave me, Tom," and in answer he pushed the planks into the flood, stood up and took his sweetheart in his arms.

"Then 'ee do love me, Tom, dear; 'ee love me so much as all that!" the girl sobbed hysterically. Lupton muttered that he had never seen such folly before.

"I have, I have! Sixty years ago all the sweethearts

said the same thing, and the jade got them, she got them. She got all but Daddy Lupton. It was prophesied that she shouldn't get him, and what's prophesied comes true. I don't mind the flood a bit; seen far worse; it's the rheumatics I'm afraid of. These 'ere walls will be that damp, will be that damp, will be"—the old man's voice died away in the whiteness of his beard.

An hour passed, and they grew weary of seeing each other's faces. Turning to his wife, Lupton said, "You asked me just now if I thought the house would hold. What I fears most is the north side. That 'ere raft has taken some of the brick away, I fancy; and, if two or three of them floating trees catches us, all I can say is, Lord have mercy on our souls."

"Then grandfather isn't telling the truth!" cried Billy, "and we shall be drowned after all. I don't want to drown like the rabbits and the cats that go by the window. Do 'ee save me, if yer can!"

"Yes, my lad, I'll save 'ee if I can. We are expecting a boat. 'Ee shall go in first."

"No boat will come. Liz wouldn't let Tom go and fetch one."

Liz turned her face to Tom and whispered: "Maybe it was wrong to hold 'ee. I should have let 'ee go."

Lupton took a sheet from the bed and waved it from the window. The water gurgled loud beneath their feet, and to save themselves from the sound of it Lupton and his wife talked when they had nothing to say. Then the baby began to cry, and while she was nursing it Mrs. Lupton sometimes forgot the imminence of their danger. The baby laughed and cooed and stretched its hands to its grandfather, whose appearance seemed to grow more than ever fateful. And so another hour went by. No one had spoken for a long while. Every distance had been calculated, every possibility considered, and, sitting in a prison-life silence, they sat with the same thoughts going round in their heads like wheels. By reason of its very solitariness their house was most likely to be remembered. There could be no doubt that they would be rescued before the day was done. Would the house hold out much longer? Every moment someone asked, "Can you see a boat coming?"

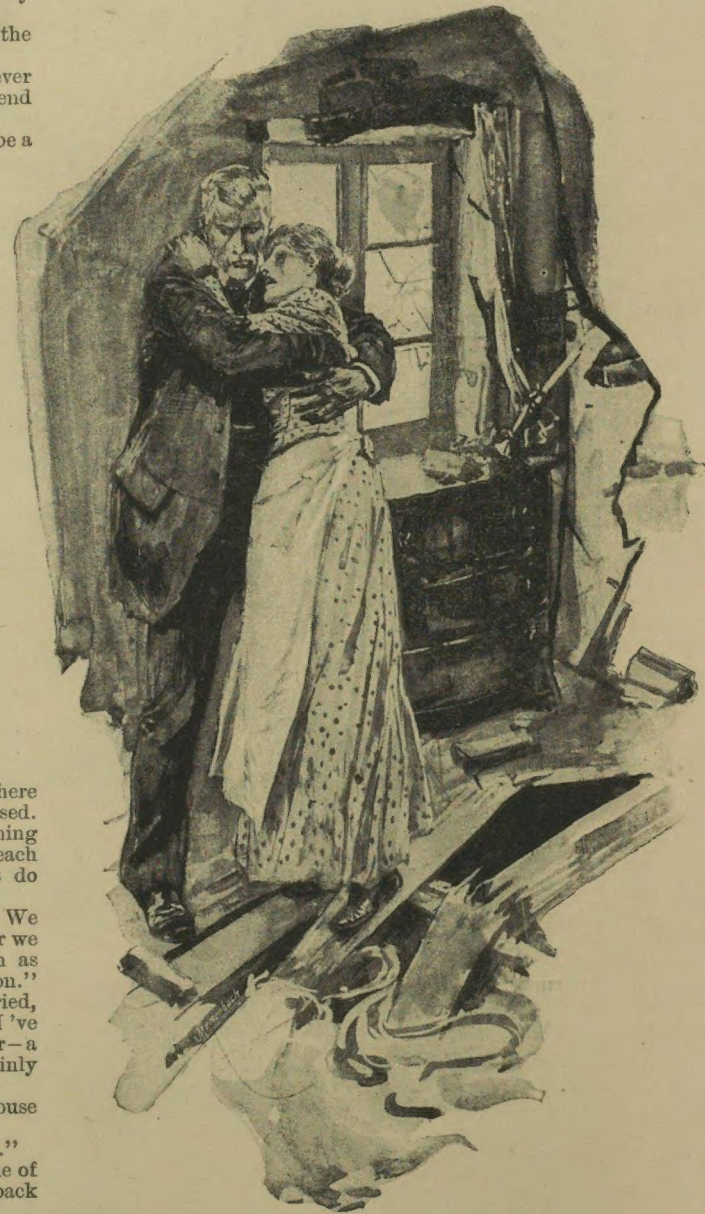
At last Lupton said: "I can't stand this any longer; let's do something. What can we do? I don't mind what it is so long as it keeps me from thinking."

"I think we'd better say our prayers," said Mrs. Lupton.

"Prayers? No. I can't say no prayers, I'm too bothered. I want something that'll keep me from thinking. The bubbling of that infernal water will drive us mad if we don't do something. Let's tell stories. I think I could listen to a good story."

"Very well, John; let's tell stories. I should like to hear a good story."

"So should I; but who's to tell it? You haven't a copy of the paper Liz reads?"



Liz sprang upon him, throwing her arms about his neck. She had not kissed him three times before the floor broke beneath them.

"No; they be all downstairs."

"She don't pay no attention to what we be saying," said Lupton, indicating his daughter with a movement of the elbow, "I believes she'd as soon be drowned with him as married to him. 'Ee says the papers is downstairs."

"Yes, I know they are."

"Worse luck! Now, father, what be you smiling at so 'eartily? You and the babe are the only two that can smile this morning."

"What be I smiling at? I heerd 'ee speaking just now of stories. I could zay one, lots of 'em."

"Then tell us a story, father, and a good one that'll keep our thoughts from that bubbling water."

"Well, I was just a-thinking, it be now nigh seventy years ago."

is this infernal rain on the roof that makes me dream so," he said, overturning a chair as he started to his feet. The fire was still smouldering in the grate, and the dawn had begun to whiten the pane. He listened. The fowls were crying as if a fox were in their roost, and the pigs suddenly ceased squealing as if the butcher's knife had done its work. Tom ran to the window and

saw water everywhere. Out of their flooded styes the pigs had succeeded in breaking, and they were now swimming for bare life; the house-dog was being drowned

in vain endeavour to climb into his kennel, the hens rose from the water in short flights, and, for comic touch in this watery tragedy, the cock, safely perched on his coop, shrilled his loudest. Slowly the day soaked through the grey void. Tom heard a step. It was Daddy Lupton, and with the pallor of sleep on his face, and tottering on his ancient limbs, he looked like very Death.

"Well," said Daddy, his toothless mouth trembling in his white beard, "what do 'er think 'bout the jade now? It makes one feel young again. 'The biggest flood we've had this long while, the best we've had this twenty years.' Tom looked at him interrogatively, and he grew voluble in his recollections of a great flood of sixty years ago, in which he had nearly lost his life, escaping on a chance plank which had happened to drift within his reach. And yet that was nothing to the flood of nearly eighty years ago. A whole village had been borne away, hundreds had perished, the water had come down the valley faster than a horse could gallop. For miles and miles, right up to the foot of the hills, there was nothing but water. "And how do ye think I escaped that time? Why, in my cradle. All my brothers and sisters were drowned, father and mother too; but the cradle floated right away as far as Beading, where it was picked up by a party in a boat. There has been no flood to speak of since them days, everything is that changed. But a fine jade she once was, and in those times, when it rained like this, we used to lie quaking in our beds. But there's no fear for us now. We kin sleep safe enough."

"Sleep safe enough! This is no time for sleepin'. I must wake 'em up."

"Do 'ee think so?" said the old man, grinning vacuously.

"Well, the jade do seem like waking up."

In a few minutes the whole family assembled in the kitchen—John Lupton, a tall, spare man, with a red beard, small, clear eyes, and hands freckled and hairy; and Margaret Lupton, his wife, a pleasant, portly woman of forty, with blue eyes, soft and regular features—a striking contrast to her daughter Liz. Liz was more like her father, a thin-shouldered and thin-featured girl, out of whose freckled skin there looked a pair of small bright eyes, and above whose low forehead there waved pleasant reddish hair. Billy, a boy of seven, was like his mother, with this difference, that his hair was red. He clung to his mother's gown with one hand and held his father's hand with the other. "Shall we go in the boat, father?"

"What boat, sonny?"

"Tom's boat."

"Tom's boat wouldn't hold us all."

"We needn't all go together."

Lupton did not answer.

"My boat is far enough from 'ere by this time," said Tom. "Or most like she's at the bottom of the river. I tied her last night to the old elder."

Tom Hard was a fair-complexioned, broad-shouldered young fellow, six feet high, the type of agricultural England. He was an orchard-grower on the other side of the river, and he and Liz were to be married at the end of the week. For a



"Well, tell us all about it. Liz, Tom, come round here and listen to grandfather's tale."

"I've said it was nigh seventy years ago. I was a growing lad at the time. I remember it as if it was yesterday. Me and Bill Slater was pals. At that time Bill was going to be married. I can see her now, a fine elegant lass, for all the world like our Liz. It had been raining for weeks and weeks—much the same kind of weather as we have had lately, only worse, and the river."

"We don't want to hear about the river; we want to forget it. I suppose you wants to tell us that Bill Slater and his gal was drowned. We don't want that kind of story—we want a lively story, with lots of happiness in it."

"I don't know such stories as that. I only knows stories about those that the river tuck away—plenty of them—plenty of them. But the jade don't get me: it has been prophesied. If they sticks by me they be safe enough." Then, waking up suddenly, he said: "I think I heard you say ye didn't want to think. Us better have some cards, then. That'll wake us up."

"The old fellow is right," said Lupton. "Where be the cards? Be they downstairs too?"

"No, John, they be in the drawer of the table."

"Then let's have them out. What shall we play, penny nap? Come, Liz, come, Tom, pull your chairs round; you've thought long enough about your dying cuddle. Liz reads of that sort of thing in her newspaper; her head is full of it. Come, pull your chairs round. I gave thee sexpence yesterday, father: find them out, you can't have spent them. And you, Liz, have you any coppers?"

"No, father."

"I've near a shilling in coppers; that'll do for both of us," said Tom.

There being only three chairs, the table was pulled up to the bed, where Daddy was sitting. "Come, let's play, let's play!" Lupton cried impatiently.

"I'm thinking of the baby," said Mrs. Lupton, "how unsuspecting he do sleep there!"

"Never mind the baby, mother; think of your cards."

"You must teach me, Tom," said Liz. "What shall I do?" He whispered a word of counsel in her ear. Lupton went nap and lost.

"I never seed such luck!" he exclaimed. His wife looked at him inquiringly; following his example, she declared that no one could win with such cards. They played another round, and again Lupton went nap, and again he lost.

"Perhaps it will be those who lose that will be saved," he said, shuffling the cards savagely.

"May I play, too, father? I be tired of watching the dead things passing by the windows," said Billy.

"No, my son, you caent play, but you kin come and sit on my knee and look over my cards. But you mustn't tell what I've got."

"Grandfather seems to be winning; he has all the coppers, father."

"Yes, my boy, grandfather's winning."

"And what will he do with his winnings if he's drowned, father?"

"Grandfather doesn't think he'll be drowned."

The old man chuckled and turned over the coppers. They represented a double allowance of tobacco and a glass of ale. Again the cards were dealt, and again he won. Lupton and his wife marvelled at Daddy's luck, and even the lovers seemed to take a closer interest in the game.

"Whose turn is it to play?" said Daddy.

"Mine," said Lupton, "and I'll go nap again."

"Ee'll go nap again?"

Lupton lost again, but this time, instead of cursing his luck vehemently, he remained silent, and at that moment the sound of the water beneath their feet sounded more ominous than ever.

"I'll play no more," said Lupton; "I dunno what I be doing. There's naught in my poor head but the bubbling of that water."

A tile slid down the roof, it sprang from the eave, and then they heard the splash. The old man played with his winnings, Billy began to cry; the others looked in each other's eyes, seeing that terror was now equally divided between them.

"Tis clear enough now that there be no hope for us," said Mrs. Lupton. "Let's put away them cards and say our prayers, and 'ee might read us a verse out of the Bible."

"Very well, lass, let's have a prayer. Father, give over counting your money. Tom, Liz, and Billy, kneel down."

"Then no one be coming to save us!" cried Billy. "I don't want to drown, father; I be too young to drown. Grandfather's too old, and baby's too young to think much about it; but I want to go to the circus!"

"Kneel down, my boy, perhaps God may save us if we pray to him."

In a weak and agitated voice Mrs. Lupton pronounced some simple prayers. But all the while her brain was like a vacuum, and she could not detach her thoughts from the old man's senseless mutterings. "The way to manage'er is to take'er easy. She never would stand no bullying, and them giddy young folks will bully'er; so she always goes for them, them is the ones she goes for."

Five or six tiles fell, the house rocked a little, and the floor seemed to heave under them. "John, dear, is there no hope? Do 'ee think if a boat had started it would still be in tin?"

"Mother," said Billy—the child was strangely calm, strangely earnest in manner; he suddenly seemed to have grown older. "Mother, dear, tell me the truth: be we going to drown? We've prayed to God, but He don't seem like saving us. I'm afraid, mother, ar'n't you? And father's afraid too, and Liz and Tom—we're all afraid, except grandfather and baby." The little fellow hid his face on his mother's shoulder, and, speaking through gentle tears, he said, "Let me 'old your 'and, mother; 'ee won't loose 'old of me."

"'Ee mustn't cry, my boy," said Lupton; "we shall be saved all right yet. Come to the window, and we'll see if a boat be coming."

Tom and Liz were in the right hand corner, as far as possible from the others. Lupton and his little son stood at the window, watching for a boat. Mrs. Lupton had taken the baby from the bed and in terror she gazed on the sleeping face. The old man played with the coppers he had won.

"This be 'orrible," said Liz, in Tom's ear, "I caent bear it. I wish it were all over."

"Tis 'orrible; but it'll soon be over now, dear."

Then a minute after—

"It caent last much longer. Do 'ee hear? What is that abating against the wall? It will soon come down atop of us."

"The other end is safer, Liz, come!"

"Tom, dear, if we are to die, we may as well die where we are. I do not want to be parted from 'ee. I should like to be tied fast to 'ee. Is there a piece of rope? I shouldn't mind then." Tom did not answer, and the grinding noise of doom grew louder in the silence. "Oh, Tom, save me! 'Ee ken swim, Tom, and I don't want to drown. I want to live and be yer wife. Save me, Tom! save me!"

The wall wavered above them, some bricks fell out, and

then, mad with fear, Liz sprang upon him, throwing her arms about his neck. She had not kissed him three times before the floor broke beneath them. The floor broke again, letting Lupton and Billy into the void. Then the walls and the roof fell in. Mrs. Lupton closed her eyes, certain of death. But death did not seem to come. She opened her eyes, and she saw that the floor had snapped off at her very feet. She was sitting on the verge of the abyss. The old man stood behind her muttering, "A darned narrow escape—as near as any I've 'ad yet."

"They are gone, they be gone, all of 'em! The baby, where's the baby!"

"You must have let him slip when the roof came in."

"I let the baby slip?"

She looked at the childlike old man, and repeated the words mechanically, "I let the baby slip?" Looking down, she saw the bed turned over, the sheets floating, and many broken things.

"Well, that was a narrow escape!" chimed the quaking voice of the octogenarian. "I'm sore afraid the house is in a bad way. I've seen many like."

Thanks to some great beams, the south wall still held firm, and with it the few feet of floor on which they were.

"They be bound to send a boat afore long. What shall we do meanwhile? Everything's gone—table, cards, and over a shilling in coppers."

"They're all gone! Everything's gone!"

"Yes, the jade's got 'em; she 'ad pretty near everyone I knew, at one time or the other." Then the strange, wild grief of the woman seemed to awaken reason in Daddy's failing brain. "I caent grieve like thee, lass. I ken grieve no more. I'm too old, and all, excepting my baccy and the rheumatics, is the same to me now."

Mrs. Lupton did not seem to hear—her eyes were fixed on the bodies of her husband and child. Under her very eyes, they were dashed to and fro and sucked under by the current, appearing and disappearing among the débris.

"Saved!" cried a voice. "Give way, my lads! give way!"

"Saved when all the others are gone!" cried the woman, and as the boat approached from one side she flung herself into the flood from the other.

"Are you the only one left?" cried a man, as the boat came alongside.

"Yes, the jade 'as got all the others. There they be down there; and my daughter-in-law 'as just gone after them—jumped in after them. But it was prophesied that the jade should never get me, and what's prophesied comes true."

"Now then, old gentleman, let me get hold of you. Be careful where you step. Do nothing to risk your valuable life. There you are, safe—saved from everything but the rheumatics."

"They be very bad at times. Must be very careful of myself this winter."

## QUEEN ISABELLA'S DREAM.

*From the Catalan of Verdaguer.*

Girded I sat with garden-green

Nigh famed Alhambra's fairy towers,

That lately held the Hagarene,

But now, my Ferdinand, are ours.

Broidering a robe I seemed to sit

Where bright a silvery fountain stirred,

And where a branch enshadowed it

I marked the flutter of a bird.

He flitted downward to my feet,

And oped his beak and sang to me,

And soothing was his song and sweet

As honey of the rosemary.

Then softly from my drooping hand

He drew the jewel of my heart,

Eledge of the troth of Ferdinand,

And marvel of Granada's art.

O carol blithe in dale and dell,

And flit where'er thy heart is fain,

But to the hand of Isabel

Restore the jewel thou hast ta'en.

Into the deep of heaven he flies,

And with his flight my heart takes wing:

Flashing thy fires from azure skies,

How brilliant did'st thou seem, my Ring!

While land endured, by dell and steep,

I tracked the fleeting, air-borne prey,

But sadly sat me down to weep

Where ocean's billow barred my way,

And strained my vision where afar

Melted the splendour fugitive,

Like the last glitter of the star

That morn proclaims, nor may outlive.

Far where the western waters surged

The bright thing sank, and out of them,

O miracle! like sylphs emerged

An isle for every vanished gem.

The splendours of my ring returned

In flower and herb and fruit and tree,

Where ruby wed with emerald burned,

Clasped by the sapphire of the sea.

Radiant with blossoms garlanded,

That wondrous bird came winging on,

And brightly had enwreathed my head;

But with my grief my dream was gone.

Sailor, in thee the bird I know

That spoiled me first, then nobly crowned;

God's envoy art thou, sent to show

How hidden Indias may be found.

Take, Colon, take my gold, and change

My gems for galleys staunch and fleet;

For bluebells I the wood will range,

And deck my hair with meadowsweet.

R. GARNETT.

## ART NOTES.

It was scarcely to have been hoped that the proposal to decorate the walls of the Royal Exchange should follow so immediately upon Mr. W. Thomas's appeal on behalf of the Guildhall. Now that the impulse has been given, the sequence of the two buildings which are most connected with civic history matters but little. The Royal Exchange typifies the means by which England has risen to her place among the nations, and London to its primacy of the cities of the Empire. The Guildhall, on the other hand, is inseparably bound up with the history of our civil and political liberties, and has for eight centuries or more been the scene of some of the keenest struggles from which the great principles of freedom emerged more and more strongly established. It is as well, perhaps, all things considered, that the Exchange should be first selected for decoration, and it is satisfactory to find that the subjects chosen by Sir Frederick Leighton and his colleagues will not be discussed in anticipation. The history of the frescoes in the Palace of Westminster is sufficiently modern for its moral to be remembered by men of this generation. On the other hand, the method to be adopted cannot be too carefully examined. The recent failure of the costly experiments at St. Paul's Cathedral shows the danger of working in the dark, and, as we already can see by the state of some of the panels at Westminster, these old methods of wall-painting are thoroughly unsatisfactory. Until the artists can give some assurance that their process will be permanent, they can scarcely expect support from the City companies or private citizens.

Among the pictures hung at the National Gallery within the last month is a work by F. de Moucheron, which shows by comparison with the picture by the same artist in the Peel collection how narrow a range of subjects he possessed. Born at Emden in 1633, he went to study in Paris, but after a short stay in that capital he fixed himself at Amsterdam, where he produced a number of Italian landscapes, which proved that he had never been in Italy. His chief merit lies in his skilful arrangement and careful draughtsmanship, but his style is cold without being classical. His son Isaac was also a painter of some eminence, and had the advantage of studying in Italy, whence he brought back a lively style of decoration, which was much esteemed by the citizens of Amsterdam. His pictures are seldom met with in this country, being for the most part painted on panels in the houses of his patrons. He lived to the middle of the last century, and showed by his work the decadence of Dutch painting at that time.

The projectors of the Grafton Gallery promise that they will be able to open their rooms for the purposes of an exhibition before the close of the year. From the drawings already made known, the architects, Messrs. Wimperis and Arber, have not been niggardly in their efforts to make their share of the work attractive, and the general effect of the three large galleries and their respective adjuncts is, on paper, extremely effective. Whether there is really need for another great gallery in London is a question which can only be solved by the result; but it is only fair to acknowledge that the managers of the Grafton Gallery start with a programme which all lovers of British and foreign art will be glad to see realised. The production of pictures at home and abroad goes on, as we well know, at an ever-increasing rate; the thought but too often recurs whether art is really stimulated by the widening of the market for such products. A certain technical facility of expression is acquired by those who have, in truth, nothing to express, and cannot even translate otherwise than photographically what they see. The painter as the interpreter of nature or of life is lost, and only the manufacturer of pictures remains, to the detriment of himself and his nation's art. If, however, the Grafton Gallery does something to raise the standard of painting and sculpture—aiming at the quality rather than at the quantity of the works it receives—the opening of its doors will be hailed with unbroken satisfaction.

In the sympathetic article on Mr. Onslow Ford which appears in the *Magazine of Art* no reference is made to the remarkably beautiful designs made by him for the new coinage, and, what is still more to be regretted, no reproduction of them is included among the illustrations. Mr. Onslow Ford was one of those selected to send in suggestions for the coins which were to replace the unfortunate designs for the Jubilee issues, and, although no official declaration has been made, it is understood that the designs of other competitors, probably those of Mr. Poynter and Mr. Birch, will be accepted. Before any final decision is arrived at in a matter which concerns the public as well as the small circle who pretend to guide the Master of the Mint in his selection, it would be only fair that the various designs should be submitted to public appreciation. Should popular opinion express itself very decidedly in favour of any particular designs, the reason for not adopting them should be clearly stated. There is a very generally expressed feeling—especially in art circles—that the selection has been left more to chance than is justifiable in a matter of such national importance. Among the outside public there is, on the other hand, a still stronger feeling that personal considerations have had greater weight than artistic merit. Bearing in mind the fiasco of 1887, it is to be hoped that the next issue of a new coinage will not be met with derision or censure.

The volcanic eruption of Mount Etna was again more violent on Aug. 6, the lava stream flowing towards the Serra Pizzata, beyond the limit of former eruptions, and devastating the fields. It abated somewhat next day.

The Bishop of Foligno, in Italy, was a passenger in the railway train from Florence to that town on Aug. 7, and was found dead alone in a first-class carriage, probably murdered, with several wounds in his head. The unknown murderer is likely to be found.

An atrocious attempt to murder two young ladies walking in a field path near Chislehurst was perpetrated on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 3, by a man supposed to be insane. Miss Hilda Wood, aged sixteen, daughter of the Rev. R. Wood, Vicar of Bickley, niece to the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, and Miss Edith Philbrick, two years younger, daughter of Mr. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., were the victims of this frightful attack. The man, Leonard Manklow, of Bromley, a labourer, or fisherman, or sailor, carried a gun, waylaid the two girls, and, without saying a word to them, shot Miss Wood in the face, then beat Miss Philbrick about the head with the butt end of his gun. The shots, which were small, have been extracted from her face and neck, and Miss Wood is likely to have received no serious harm. Miss Philbrick's condition, with severe injury to the brain, is much more dangerous. The man has been arrested for this crime, which seems to have had no intelligible motive.





THE EMPEROR WILLIAM ON BOARD THE IMPERIAL YACHT METEOR.



## A JOURNEY THROUGH YEMEN, ARABIA.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

## I.—ADEN TO LAHEJ.

Everything was arranged for an early start, but, wise in my generation—as far as Oriental punctuality is concerned—I did not get up, for I knew that “everything being arranged” meant that neither men, camels, nor luggage would have made the least signs of appearance. We were to start at 5 a.m.; but



ONE OF MY MEN.

time is one of those things of which one does not keep count in the East, and I might as well have settled on any other hour, except that there is a sort of feeling of heroism at even mentioning one so early.

I got up about nine. There was no sign of anything, so I sat down patiently until something should happen. At length, Abdurrahman, my faithful Moor, who had come with me from Morocco especially to make this journey—and whose only fault or failing is that when he is wanted he has probably contrived to find some place to oversleep himself in that is impossible to discover—arrived, followed, an hour or so later, by Said, my curly-haired Yemen acquisition, very ornamental and somewhat useful, when he could be torn away from the fascinations of Aden.

After a considerable amount of trouble, I discovered one of my camelmén, and, taking him prisoner, by this means discovered my camels. The temperature was at goodness knows what, so I will draw a curtain over the scene until, after every imaginable necessary had been forgotten until the very last moment (and even then something else was always remembered, the last item being a hubble-bubble pipe, a veritable passport in Yemen), I had the satisfaction of seeing my camels loaded, and the still greater satisfaction of seeing them saunter slowly along the road—and in the right direction, too.

At 5 p.m. we started, just twelve hours after the appointed hour—exceptional punctuality for the East!

Of course, a number of things that had been forgotten began to be remembered, but delays seemed so natural

that I could scarcely believe that at length I was really off. We drove to the little town of Sheikh Othman, across the isthmus that joins Aden to the mainland, with only one stoppage—at sunset, when the driver, a good Muslim, dismounted to pray. At length we reached the town, and drew up at the door of a small native café in one of the sandy streets, a crowd collecting to see me alight. Sheikh Othman, so called from a saint who is buried there, is now in the possession of the English, the land on which it stands having been purchased. The place is inhabited more by Somalis, perhaps, than Arabs, though there is a considerable population of the latter.

At eight we were off again, for the moon was risen and the burning heat of the day had passed. How the camels grunted and groaned as they were loaded! But I had no pity, the burdens they were to carry were not a quarter of what they were accustomed to, for I had determined to take as little as possible with me in the way of baggage. The two camels loaded, my guide mounted his own, and unpacked, camel, while Abdurrahman and myself seated ourselves upon the other two.

But here let me give an account of my men. Besides the two already mentioned was a third, a typical Bedouin of Yemen, a strange lithe creature, of no particular age, dark in colour, arrayed in a turban and loin-cloth of dark indigo-blue cotton, with a couple of daggers, and bearing in his hand a long spear. His shaggy hair formed a sort of ill-fitting halo of black round his head and reached his shoulders on each side; in fact, he looked very savage, but was in reality quite tame. He had a habit of warbling to himself, however, that brought to one's mind the idea of a night in Regent's Park. When he got a little way ahead it was difficult to distinguish his romantic airs from the more plaintive wailing of hyenas. As well as “The Apparition,” as I called him, there were one or two others, sort of hangers-on, who seemed to come for no very particular reason and to vanish again with still less. They were all of the same class, Bedouins of the desert, and were, like my friend “The Apparition,” picturesque and dirty. They had a habit of putting rancid butter on their heads, which, though it improved the glossiness of their hair during the day, would become clotted and cold of an evening, besides which it was appreciable from its odour at a distance of—well, not to exaggerate, I will say three miles. And so this little caravan of camels and men and melted butter started out on an adventurous ride.

What a glorious night's march that was, the first of many! How cool and silvery the great desert looked, broken only where the stunted brushwood or a few thorny trees of the mimosa family had taken root! How silent, for not a sound was to be heard but the “thud, thud” of the camel's soft feet upon the softer sand! We seemed to glide along under the sapphire sky dotted with a myriad stars. Ay, those night marches over the desert and mountains of Yemen were surpassingly beautiful.

At one spot, unrecognisable in the desert, our men shouted to the camels, and they lay down for us to dismount. Said spread my carpet while the Bedouins collected dry twigs and lit a fire, by the light of which I could see the camels regaling themselves with apparent relish on dry bushes, the thorns of

which were an inch or two in length. After a few hours' rest we set out again, and as early dawn began to tint the eastern sky entered the oasis in which the capital town of the Province of Lahej—Howta by name—is situated. What a change of scene! Everywhere was running water, everywhere green fields, above which stately palms raised their feathery heads. Here and there were grazing the pretty humped cattle of the country, tended by naked little boys, who crept into the dense undergrowth as they saw the Christian riding by.

And then the town—the great mud-built city of Howta, full of wild-looking Arabs and dogs and fever, the mud-built palace of the Sultan dominating the whole, with the appearance of having half a wish to slide down and crush the huts and hovels around it.

I put up at a clean native café, preferring to be my own master rather than accept the proffered hospitality of the Sultan, to whom, thanks to Colonel Stace, the Political Resident at Aden, I bore letters of introduction. After a bath, for water is happily procurable here, a gorgeous creature called upon me. Apparently, from the number of weapons hanging about him, he was a sort of armorial clothes-peg, but the effect was very fine. After many salutations, given and exchanged, and a cup of coffee and a few whiffs of my hubble-bubble, which was murmuring away in a corner in the possession of Said, he conducted me to the Sultan's palace. Entering through a courtyard, we ascended a flight of steps, and after following many intricate passages arrived in the presence of Ali Mhassen el Abdulli, Sultan of Lahej, a man of some importance in the eyes of the authorities at Aden, and of a considerable deal more in his own. Kicking off my slippers as I entered—for, being in a semi-



PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ.

Oriental costume, I kept to the customs of the people—I made my salutations, was grasped by the hand by the Sultan and half-a-dozen others, and sat down on a silk divan. Here for the first time I was initiated into the mysteries of “Kat,” a shrub much affected by the Arabs of Yemen, for apparently no particular reason, for no one seemed to know its particular qualities—though one I discovered for myself, and that was its nastiness. The hubble-bubble, too, was a sore trial. I was not yet thoroughly initiated into its mysteries, and though afterwards I came to like it, I was at this time a novice. However, I smoked away cheerily enough at the amber mouthpiece of a magnificent silver pipe, which the Sultan thrust every now and again into my hand. The smoke of a hubble-bubble is inhaled into the lungs—and a very considerable quantity seems to find its way to the brain—with a result to the unpractised of a kind of incipient *mal de mer*.

The Sultan is a man of middle age and of kind expression. In colour he is dark. He talks easily and pleasantly, and has all the grace of an Oriental of position. He speaks, of course, only Arabic. The subject which interested him most was an account of Morocco, where the goings-on of his co-religionists excited no little curiosity on his part. He was dressed in rich robes of silk, a dull olive-green predominating, and was attended by various members of his family, including a little son and daughter. I was pleased to find that, though our dialects of Arabic differed considerably, he was able to understand me with as much, or more, facility as I understood him. Altogether, had it not been for the hubble-bubble I should have enjoyed my visit very much.

The Sultan of Lahej reigns over a very large territory, a considerable portion of which is of no great value. It is a howling wilderness; but the oasis surrounding the city of Howta is very rich land, and there are, I believe, many other parts of his territory equally fine. He is a man, too, of some wealth, for not only is he exceedingly well subsidised by the British Government in order that he may keep open and defend the caravan roads to Aden, but from the caravans themselves gains no mean income by collecting a tax of so much per head on every camel or other beast of burden that passes through his possessions. He has his own coinage, a minute copper coin, bearing the inscription “Ali Mhassen el Abdulli” on the inverse, and on the reverse “Struck in Howta,” which, by-the-bye, is anything but true, as the coins



TOMB AND MOSQUE OF SHEIKH OTHMAN, NEAR ADEN.



are, as a matter of fact, struck in Bombay, and from there sent through Aden to Howta.

The room of the palace in which the Sultan received me was a large one, the floor richly carpeted, while the roof was supported on columns of carved teakwood. Among other interesting things that the Sultan showed me was a sword, eight hundred years old, from Baghdad, of the most exquisite flexible steel imaginable. A hole was drilled through the blade, the sign that the weapon had dealt a death-blow to more than a hundred persons. He is naturally very proud of the possession of such a priceless blade. On leaving the Sultan I visited the stables, where are some good types of the wiry Arab steeds of Nejd and Central Arabia, which, though not perhaps very beautiful to look at, are renowned for their staying power. The Nejd breeders preserve with the utmost care the pedigrees of their horses. Altogether there were a large number of steeds in the royal stables in Howta. The people of Howta depend very largely upon Aden as a market for their produce, for, distant nearly twenty miles as Howta is from that place, it is the nearest spot at which any great amount of produce can be grown, with the exception of some gardens at Sheikh Othman. A great quantity of camel fodder is transported daily from this oasis of Lahej to Aden.

The Sultan has no regular troops, but a number of his people are in his service, and a very picturesque bodyguard they form, mounted on horses and camels. The riding camel of Yemen is a rather small variety, finely built, and capable of maintaining a great speed over a considerable period of time. There is nothing more romantic, perhaps, to the lover of things Oriental than to see one of the Bedouins of Yemen mounted on his camel, which he sits with ease and grace,



MY RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ.

perched on the top of its hump on a roughly-put-together little saddle, his feet crossed over the beast's neck. The yellow desert, the yellow camel, and the dark-skinned Arab, with his scanty clothing of indigo, with his silver daggers and long spear and his black wavy hair, speeding over the sandy plains, indeed form a picture.

Returning through the courtyards of the great mud palace, I left the royal precincts, and, seeking once more the quiet shade of the café, spent the heat of the day in sleep, waiting for the afternoon's coolness to saunter forth to see the sights of the town of Lahej.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on Aug. 4, rejected the appeal of Captain Sir Baldwin Walker, R.N., commander of H.M.S. Emerald, against the judgment of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland in a suit for illegal seizure, by the naval force, of a certain lobster factory, materials, and implements, on that part of the island shores where the French claim by treaty exclusive rights of fishery. This took place in June 1890, while negotiations were pending. The Court did not undertake to decide the question of the treaty rights.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Thursday, Aug. 4, Lord Coleridge tried an action which Mr. Daniel Harrison brought against the Duke of Rutland for an assault upon him by the Duke's gamekeepers, under the direction of Lord Edward Manners, on the moors between Derbyshire and Yorkshire. His lordship and friends were grouse-shooting; Mr. Harrison, who was on the high-road, wilfully hindered their sport by frightening the birds away. The keepers then seized and held him a few minutes till the "drive" was past. Verdict for plaintiff, damages five shillings, which had been offered.

Pope Leo XIII. has been interviewed in the Vatican by a Parisian lady journalist, to whom he expressed his disapprobation of the persecution of the Jews, and said he considered that "Christ shed His blood for all men, especially for unbelievers, who most needed redemption." His Holiness added, "I am for the poor and humble, those who have nothing; those our Lord loved." He asked, "Why should either the French Royalists or the French Republicans have a grudge against me; I do not want [then he smiled] to be King of France."

## MR. BRIDGES'S "ACHILLES IN SCYROS."

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Bridges's play, "Achilles in Scyros," originally existed as a kind of quarto pamphlet. It is now published by Messrs. Bell in a handy form, like that of "Shorter Poems." I agree with Edgar Poe in liking short poems better than long ones, and "Achilles" does not rival Mr. Bridges's lyrics in my affections. I am conscious, too, that my opinion about a play is of no weight. People who love poetry may be divided into those who can read almost anything that is dramatic in form and those who find the dramatic form a great obstacle and weariness. Unluckily, I belong to the latter class, and would fain have more of Mr. Bridges's lyrics rather than a fresh play.

The story of Achilles in Scyros is to be gathered in various forms out of Greek tradition. In the "Iliad" we learn that Achilles had a son, and the "Odyssey" shows us the ghost of Achilles inquiring for the son, and hearing from Odysseus how that hero brought him from Scyros to Troy, and how he took part in the capture of the city. In the "Cypria," a lost epic poem, probably of the eighth century B.C., we know, from an abstract in prose, that, as the Greeks were sailing to Troy, Achilles was storm-driven to Scyros, and there married Deidamia, and begat Neoptolemus, or Pyrrhus. In a beautiful fragment of Moschus the poet begins the tale of "the secret loves, the secret couch" of Achilles and Deidamia. In this version Achilles was sent to Scyros by his mother to be out of the way of the war. He was disguised as a girl, and so won the affections of Deidamia. In the "Iliad" he is not married, and we may believe that the ceremony never took place.

Here he dwells  
Disguised among the maidens like a maiden;—  
For so his beauty and youth permit,—to serve  
The daughter of the king of this fair isle,  
Who calls him Pyrrha for his golden hair,  
And knowing not prefers him o'er the rest.  
But I with frequent visitings assure me  
That he obeys; and,—for I have the power  
To change my semblance,—I will sometimes run  
In likeness of a young and timorous fawn  
Before the maiden train, that give me chase  
Far in the woods, till he outstrip them all;  
Then turn I quick at bay with loved surprise,  
And bid him hail: or like a snake I glide  
Under the flowers, where they sit at play,  
And showing suddenly my gleaming eyes,  
All fly but he, and we may speak alone.

Ulysses arrives, with Diomedes, in search of Achilles. The bluff soldier Diomedes spurns disguise and cunning; Ulysses stoops to any means. It is curious that Ulysses should be regarded as an Ionian creation, while the Attic poets, Ionians, usually detest him, and suppress the noble elements in his character as given by Homer. Mr. Bridges, I think, follows to some extent the Sophoclean treatment of Ulysses in the "Philoctetes." There are pretty scenes between the disguised Achilles, his lady love, who knows him not for a man, despite her admiration of his muscles, and the chorus of girls. If I may hesitate a doubt, it would be whether more natural and ballad-like strains, like those of *Volkslieder*, would not be better in the mouth of a chorus of girls than their deeply philosophical ode on the world and its goal—

The Creator smileth on him who is wise and darest  
In understanding with pride:  
For God, where'er he hath builded, dwelleth wide,—  
And he careth,—  
To set a task to the smallest atom,  
The law-abiding grains,  
That hearken each and rejoice:  
For he guldeth the world as a horse with reins;  
It obeyeth his voice,  
And lo! he hath set a beautiful end before it.

Whereto it leapeth and striveth continually,  
And pitieth nought, nor spareth:  
The mother's wail for her children slain,  
The stain of disease,  
The darts of pain,  
The waste of the fruits of trees,  
The slaughter of cattle,  
Unbrotherly lust, the war  
Of hunger, blood, and the yells of battle,  
It heedeth no more.

Than a carver regardeth the wood that he cutteth away:  
The grained shavings fall at his feet,  
But that which his tool hath spared shall stand  
For men to praise the work of his hand;  
For he cutteth so far, and there it lay,  
And his work is complete.

It is not that the piece lacks merit, but is the piece quite in its proper place, on the lips of girls?

The scene of the pedlary of Ulysses, and the detection of Achilles by his choice of a sword, is interesting, yet I have a more pleasant memory of Banville's ingenious and dramatic treatment of the situation. The magic robe given by Thetis, which turns into a suit of armour when exposed to the light, strikes me as a frigid invention. On the other hand, here is a delightful passage in a speech of Thetis to Deidamia, who laments her lost Pyrrha—

But lo, I am come to give thee joy, to call  
Thine daughter, and prepare thee for the sight  
Of such a lover, as no lady yet  
Hath sat to await in chamber or in bower  
On any walled hill or isle of Greece;  
Nor yet in Asian cities, whose dark queens  
Look from the latticed casements over seas  
Of hanging gardens; nor doth all the world  
Hold a memorial; not where Egypt mirrors  
The great smile of her kings and sunsmit fanes  
In timeless silence: none hath been like him;  
And all the giant stones, which men have piled  
Upon the illustrious dead, shall crumble and join  
The desert dust, ere his high dirging Muse  
Be dispossessed of the throne of song.

This is true and noble poetry. Finally, Deidamia approves of her wooer's choice—

As I love thee,  
I say, go forth to Troy.

So ends the poem, not happily, but after the way and under the stress of the world.

The Home of Comfort for Epileptic Women and Girls, an institution founded by the Countess of Meath, at Godalming, in a mansion with large, well-wooded grounds, was opened by the Duchess of Albany on Thursday, Aug. 4. The Corporation of Godalming presented an address to her Royal Highness. The Bishop of Guildford took part in the proceedings.

The Dutch nation, which has, in past ages, literally made, by its own skill, persevering industry, and incessant care, the very land on which it dwells—winning thousands of square miles from the North Sea and from the flooding outlets of the Rhine, Maas, Scheldt, and other rivers, and retaining its territory by a marvellous system of dykes and dams—is still doing great new and useful works at home. Little Queen Wilhelmina, hardly twelve years of age, the first female Sovereign of that kingdom, with her mother the Queen Regent, on Thursday, Aug. 4, opened part of the Meerwede Ship Canal, to afford a direct navigable passage from the Rhine to Amsterdam. It will be forty-three and a half miles long, with a breadth of 100 ft., and a depth of 10½ ft., so that the largest Rhine steamers can pass each other; and it will be free of tax or toll. This canal reaches Utrecht, a fine old city, which formerly had important trade and manufactures. The "Meerwede" is that part of the united streams of the Waal and Maas which flows westward above Dort or Dordrecht. Amsterdam, being also, for some years past, in direct navigable communication with the German Ocean, by a ship canal, apart from the "Y" inlet of the Zuyder Zee, besides the local advantage of the North Holland Canal, is regaining a large share of its commerce, notwithstanding the rivalry of Antwerp. The Zuyder Zee itself may, before many years, be reclaimed and converted into fertile land or fat pastures, leaving only the needful channels for several rivers and canals for local traffic. An official commission has just been appointed to examine the plans for this great undertaking.

Mr. Bridges is thus in a difficult position. Not being possessed by the modern contempt of decency and Mrs. Grundy, he cannot let the loves of his hero and heroine be clandestine and unblessed by the gods. This is the theory of Moschus, and, I think, of Banville in his play "Deidamia," a very pretty piece. So Mr. Bridges marries the pair, albeit Achilles must go to the wars as soon as his honeymoon is over, and never sees Deidamia again. This is a rather cruel arrangement, and though the play ends with a wedding, one cannot call the wedding a "happy conclusion." In form, the play, though it has a chorus, the girls attendant on Deidamia, is not an imitation of the Greek model, like Mr. Swinburne's "Erechtheus." The manners and morals are of no particular time—above all, not Homeric. Achilles is not here the inexorable hero; he reflects on the beauties of nature in a way that no early Greek ever dreamed of, as far as I know. Lycomedes, King of Scyros, utters sage reflections on the merits of peace and war, which belong to our modern mode of thought. Thus, though many of the details show some archaeological research—as when Ulysses brings quite the right sort of archaic jewels, in his disguise as a pedlar—the play belongs to no particular age. Even the details here are not pedantically correct. We know of no steel swords, inlaid like the bronze daggers of Aah Hotep, and of the Mycenaean royal graves. Mr. Bridges, in fact, treats his topic just as he pleases. He makes no pretence of being strictly in keeping with Greek thought at any moment in Greek history.

The play opens, in the manner of Euripides, with an expository prologue by silver-footed Thetis, the mother of Achilles. She explains the situation—why Achilles is in hiding, and that Ulysses is coming to try to discover him. The dramatic interest of the play turns on the choice of Achilles. To an age without a name he prefers one glorious hour of crowded life. His mother opposes his choice, and he is torn by love for his mother on one side, and by honour and the cry to battle on the other. Here is a passage of much charm from the prologue—



## LITERATURE.

## A HISTORY OF SAINT IVES.

BY "Q."

*A History of the Parishes of Saint Ives, Lelant, Towednack, and Zennor, in the County of Cornwall.* By John Hobson Matthews. (London: Elliot Stock, 1892.)—This is the sort of book that one hates to find fault with. The republic of letters has no more amiable citizen than the local historian who writes neither for money nor fame but out of the zeal which is in him, and, as a rule, for love of the soil which nurtured him. Moreover, he is about the only relic in these days of that respectable dilettantism which founded the Royal Society and kept a gentlemanly polish on English literature for at least a century and a half. Clergymen who, in remote country parishes, used to recreate themselves by translating the Odes of Horace or inventing a water-clock or pottering on the Vicarage roof with a telescope, now ferret among church registers and compile parochial histories. Few counties have been so well served by their local antiquaries, cleric and lay, as Cornwall, and especially the far west of Cornwall in and around Penzance. It is surprising, therefore, that St. Ives, a town of such singular natural beauty and such a picturesque past, lying, too, within a very few miles of the centre of Cornish intelligence and culture, should up to this time have wanted a chronicler. But so it is, and Mr. John Hobson Matthews has taken away the reproach. His book is beautifully bound and printed, and contains 560 pages, including three exhaustive and exemplary indices. It is a triumph of patient and loving industry.

Unfortunately, it is not also a triumph of art and judgment. In spite of Cox's "How to Write the History of a Parish," it remains a fact that an author's first duty is to make his book readable, and two-thirds of Mr. Matthews's book can only be called weariness. The fault is not his alone. There are theories in the air, and "How to Write the History of a Parish" has reached its third or fourth edition, and, in consequence, nine local histories out of ten are not histories at all, but congeries of records, transcribed from registers and old account-books and lumped together in masses that can produce nothing but intellectual dyspepsia in the reader. "To write a history," says Mr. Matthews, "is, in the present day, a very different undertaking from what it was fifty years ago, before the jewel mines of our public records had been opened up. . . . Nowadays people read history with the simple desire to obtain accurate information upon all points connected both with the public and private life of their forefathers, and demand rather a digest of authentic records than a literary essay, hence this history is to a great extent a compilation." Now, that Mr. Matthews's transcription of the "Borough Accounts" in *extenso*, with explanatory notes, can by any stretch of language be called a "digest" is just what this reviewer denies; but, passing lightly by this point, he takes leave to assure Mr. Matthews that to write a history to-day requires just the same qualities as it required fifty years ago, or a thousand for that matter. The literary art of Thucydides was the art also of Gibbon, and the late Professor Freeman has not written it away. It is the art also of the biographer, and of the novelist, and of everybody who would write in prose; and the very roots of it lie in selection, in the separation of the essential from the accidental, of that which adds to the picture from that which is merely superfluous. Otherwise history becomes a mere counting of heads, and the fact that John Nokes of Brentford married Mary Stokes and died *sine prole* ranks with the Declaration of American Independence. This is, of course, the *reductio ad absurdum* which can be applied to Mr. Matthews's theory; but he himself has reduced it to boredom, which is worse. If a Londoner wishes to consult the old borough accounts, this part of the volume will save him some time and the cost of a return ticket to Saint Ives; and there its usefulness ends. As for the mysterious change which historiography seems to have suffered during the last fifty years, Mr. Matthews may bethink him of one or two local Cornish histories published within that period, which have contrived at once to be short and sufficient, crammed with information, and yet eminently readable: and by a study of these may convince himself that industry was neither the single qualification of their authors nor the most important.

It must not be supposed, however, that this volume is empty of interest. If not inspiring, the early chapters are certainly valuable, while those on "Saint Ives in the Last Century," on "Wesley at Saint Ives," "Saint Ives at the Present Day," and on the local names, customs, and legends are admirably done; and the author has obtained from Mr. Anthony, of Saint Ives, the best short account of the pilchard fishery that has yet been written. In the matter of legends, to be sure, Mr. Matthews is gleaning in fields already reaped by Hunt and Bottrell; and his "finds" are chiefly ghost-stories, and not particularly Cornish in character. On the other hand, it must be owned that his style when he is treating of these old legends, customs, or superstitions becomes characteristic and delightful. Cornish humour is not Saxon humour, nor can the Saxon readily understand it. But Mr. Matthews understands it perfectly, and his pages, as a rule, have that true local colour which is only within the reach of those who have known a place intimately for many years. He describes Saint Ives for us in its own terms. "Furriners" who may think they have gathered from the walls of Burlington House a very fair notion of what this little town is like deceive themselves. Clever as is the painting of those artists who of late years have made the West of Cornwall famous, they are, after all, trying to give expression to Cornish life in terms not of the Celt. Though hampered by a false theory, Mr. Matthews has contrived to give his narrative the right atmosphere, and his book, as a whole, is one of high value.

## THE BILLSBURY ELECTION.

*The Billsbury Election: and other Papers from "Punch."* By R. C. Lehmann. (London: Henry and Co.)—"The Billsbury Election" has appeared at a very suitable time. Many candidates, with their own disappointments fresh in their memory, will find consolation in reading of the disappointment of Mr. Pottle. The incidents and characters contained in the history of the Billsbury election are, Mr. Lehmann assures us, purely fictitious. They have, however, the air of reality, and they are written with the knowledge which Mr. Lehmann has had ample opportunity to acquire. To many readers they will be already familiar, as their first appearance took place in the pages of *Punch*; it was, however, well worth while to reprint this and the other sketches

contained in the book. The "Modern Types" are written brightly and satirically; not all of them will please, but all of them seem to testify to an unusual experience of life. The two best are, perhaps, "The Martyr *Incomprise*" and "The Spurious Sportsman." Some of the verse which concludes the volume is particularly neat and well turned. One piece, "To My Cigarette," tells how the writer tried pipes and cigars in vain—

Until in sheer fatigue I turned  
To you, tobacco's white-robed tyro,  
And from your golden legend learned  
Your maker dwelt and wrought in Cairo—

which is as pretty a description of the Egyptian cigarette as one need want. But quotation, even when it is not maliciously unjust (as it was in one review of this book that we have seen) is liable to be unfair in another way. Those who make holiday will not do badly to take "The Billsbury Election" with them, and pick out the best things for themselves.

## PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S ESSAYS.

*Essays upon Some Controverted Questions.* By Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1892.)—The occupation of his old age in the study of prophecy by Sir Isaac Newton, and of the late Astronomer-Royal in examination of the earlier Hebrew scriptures, are among the illustrious precedents which Professor Huxley might cite as having followed, except so far as the polemical matter in this weighty—both in bulk and treatment of subjects—volume is concerned. The full and free discussion of "controverted" points by the clergy themselves, and the recent deliverances of the *Lux Mundi* party on the latitude to be accorded to theories of the relation of the Bible to the Church, should secure Professor Huxley a hearing, at least, for his admirable historical sketch of the position claimed for both from the times of Wicliff to the present day. In his endeavour to separate the transient from the permanent in Scripture, much



"COME ALONG!"

From the Badminton "Mountaineering" (Longmans).

that he says echoes the happy saying of "the Christian Cicero," Lactantius, that "the Bible sheweth men the way to heaven, not the way the heaven goeth." As we turn over these pages, we see that it is no light gain to have exchanged the flippancy and shallowness of the older school, that questioned the validity of the title-deeds of Christendom, for that sober and sympathetic criticism which works in the inquiring spirit of those Bereans who, "more noble than those in Thessalonica, searched the Scriptures whether these things were so." For Professor Huxley, while applying the scientific method in examining its statements, is second to none in his appreciation of the priceless value of the Bible as a record of man's spiritual strivings and development, and he is concerned at the slender knowledge of it which characterises this run-and-read generation. Those of us who were nourished on this book, "woven into the life of all that is best and purest," echo his regret at its neglect in the present day to the full.

Professor Huxley sees in the advance of natural knowledge the inevitable recession of belief in the supernatural. The older and grosser forms of this, as demonology and witchcraft, both matters of general belief in Christendom up to a comparatively recent period, have died out, not through argument or invective, but through inanition, failing to survive under changes in men's belief through the teaching of science; and the Professor asks how far further is the process of decay to go. He sees no arrest in the movement by which things irrational will cease to be objects of belief or faith, but, while showing science to be the enemy of superstition, he contends that it is not anti-supernatural. Much that was thought essential in bygone days is now seen to be accidental, and the generations to come will deal in like manner with beliefs that we think are integral parts of religion. Professor Huxley shows, with the eloquence and logic of which he, endowed with perhaps the richest mind of our time, is a master, that we may regard this with equanimity, because man's perception of the inscrutable mysteries of the universe will thereby become clearer.

Professor Huxley has, therefore, to be thanked for this reprint of stimulating and suggestive papers, from which, however, the polemical features should have been removed, to the lightening of a ponderous tome and the unhampered presentation of its important issues.

## BIOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

*Essays upon Heredity and kindred Biological Problems.* By Dr. August Weismann. Volume II. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892.)—Dr. Weismann, as the readers of our Science Column will know, has come to the front as the assailant of long-unchallenged beliefs that the physical and mental characters which are acquired by parents during their lifetime are transmitted to their offspring. In the first volume of these Essays the arguments against this theory were set forth in the unmethodical fashion to which German philosophers, who are radical enough in other ways, cling so tenaciously. The present volume not only gives clear expression to ideas necessarily not easily conveyed to the general reader, but, in answering objections urged by Professor Vines and other authorities, restates the broad outlines of the new theory, especially in its explanation of the origin of death in the many-celled organisms. The second essay may be specially praised for its lucid account of the development of the musical sense in man and animals. As against Mr. Wallace's theory of its special origin, Dr. Weismann shows that it is a very ancient possession of mankind, depending upon a highly developed auditory organ which man inherited from his mammalian ancestors. For, in the struggle for existence, the possession of a fine ear, whereby the sounds made by friends or foes might be distinguished, must obviously have been of the highest advantage to an animal.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

One may abuse Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle," but it can scarcely be doubted that the book will live and be read while interest in Carlyle continues. There are at least a dozen smaller biographies, but only Dr. Garnett's excellent little book in the *Great Writers Series* has the smallest chance of permanence, while the "Carlyle" which Professor Nichol has just added to the *English Men of Letters Series* contains absolutely nothing to justify its publication. It must needs take a place among the three or four quite worthless volumes in an admirable series. There were at least a dozen well-known writers in addition to Dr. Garnett who could have made an original book about Carlyle, and Mr. John Morley has done us all an ill turn by his selection.

Who are the men that one would nominate for the post of Carlyle's biographer? There is Sir James FitzJames Stephen, who had, indeed, at one time contemplated making this very monograph; there is Mr. Leslie Stephen, who would probably plead ill-health; there is Mr. Lecky, whose work would have had an original flavour all its own; there are Mr. Frederic Harrison and Professor Seeley—but it is useless crying over spilt milk, and suffice to say that everyone can read and re-read Mr. Froude's four volumes and Dr. Garnett's little essay. Professor Nichol's monograph is a thing to yawn over.

The *Alpine Post*, published at St. Moritz, calls in question some of the illustrations to the Badminton "Mountaineering." According to our contemporary they are "sensational" and wanting in strict accuracy. One is glad to find the illustration entitled "Crack Climbers," which appeared in our issue of July 23, included in this category. As, however, the *Alpine Post* sanctions the situation depicted under the title of "Kommen Sie nur" (here reproduced), it will be seen that there are degrees of danger in mountaineering only to be appreciated by the initiated.

Noticeable among recent reprints is the volume of Matthew Arnold's semi-literary, semi-scholastic writings issued by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title "A French Eton." It forms a handsome book of over four hundred pages. The "French Eton," which occupies only one-third of the volume, was originally published in 1864 in a tasty form dear to the collector. This edition has for some time been scarce. The remainder is taken up with Mr. Arnold's work on "Higher Schools and Universities in France." The bibliography of this work is interesting. It first appeared in 1863, in a Blue-book, the result of Mr. Arnold's investigation of Continental education. The same year the report was published in volume form. In 1874 the portion relating to Germany was reprinted separately; and now, in 1892, we have the portion relating to France. Curiously enough, the preface written in 1874 for the work on German schools is here reprinted as preface to the work on French education. But as it has no special reference to either, it serves equally well. It is really an essay on the question of establishing in Ireland a Catholic University.

In an interesting article on the Shelley Centenary the *Bookman* for August commits itself to the statement that Coleridge was born in 1796. As S. T. C. was married in 1795 and the Lyrical Ballads were published in 1798, the blunder is tolerably obvious. It, however, no doubt arose from a too hasty reference to a biographical dictionary, Hartley Coleridge having been born in 1796.

"What is copra?" asks a correspondent who has seen the word very frequently used in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's story "Uma." Copra, says the "Century Dictionary," is the dried kernel of the coconut, one of the principal articles of export from the islands of the Pacific to Europe, when the oil is expressed. It is frequently used as an ingredient of curry.—K.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Vol. III. *Aldine Edition of the British Poets.* (Bell and Sons.)
- "Illustrated History of Furniture," by F. Litchfield. (Truslove and Shirley.)
- "Amateur Photographer's Annual, 1892." (Hazell, Watson, and Viney.)
- "Shooting and Salmon Fishing," by A. Grimble. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Principles of Ornament," by J. Ward. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The Nobler Sex," by Florence Marryat. Three vols. (F. V. White and Co.)
- "Aunt Anne," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Two vols. (Bentley.)
- "The Maid of Killeena," by W. Black. One volume edition. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Royal Colonial Institute Proceedings." Vol. XXIII., 1891 and 1892. (Institute, Northumberland Avenue.)
- "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. (Macmillan.)
- "Come Live With Me and Be My Love," by Robert Buchanan. (Heinemann.)
- "Ranjit Singh," by Sir Lepel Griffin. *Rulers of India Series.* (Clarendon Press.)
- "The Speech of Monkeys," by R. L. Garner. (Heinemann.)





1. Making a House.  
2. The House is constituted.  
3. Mr. Palmerston indicates the next speaker.  
4. Mr. Palmerston in the Lords.

5. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
6. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
7. The Speaker of the House of Commons.  
8. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.

9. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
10. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
11. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.

12. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
13. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
14. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
15. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.

16. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
17. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
18. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.  
19. Mr. Palmerston in the Commons.

# INCIDENTS OF THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.





# BERLIN

## T<sup>O</sup> BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

X.

Certain towns involve certain duties. You journey to Baireuth to hear a Wagner opera in the Wagner opera-house, but to Munich to drink Munich beer in a Munich brewery. There are, of course, galleries in the town, and, if you have time, you can go and make sure that everything marked with a star in Baedeker is really there. But you can do this as well in any other capital in Europe.

We went the first evening of our arrival to the big brewery on the other side of the river. It was a new three-storey, factory-like, brick building, and its doors were hospitably open. A hall led to the garden at the back, but not a light was lit, and chairs and tables were turned upside down and piled up together. Fear of the rain had driven everybody inside. There were two large rooms downstairs, and I suppose the men and women and children sitting at the long tables, as close as sardines in a box, were enjoying themselves. They were eating sausages and sauerkraut, and drinking beer, and the men were smoking long pipes. Every window was, and I believe always had been, tight shut: there was not so much as one little ventilator. The air was so thick you could cut it



SWABIA.

with a knife, and we tried upstairs. There was the same crowd, the same loathsome atmosphere; only here the people had overflowed into the hall, there were more women and children about, and most of them had brought their sausages in newspaper parcels. We went downstairs again. But we had come for our own amusement, and not, at the risk of our appetites, to investigate German customs; and we started off just as fast as we could for the freshest, cleanest restaurant in the place, and that was the last we saw of the Munich brewery.

We did not have to walk far to find a restaurant. All Munich goes out for dinner and supper, and eats and drinks of the best with no trouble, and for next to no money. The restaurant-keepers do not set themselves up as prophets, but they might give a practical lesson to those reformers in London who preach the moral beauty of life in common, by which they mean kitchen in common, and stop at the preaching. As to the people of Munich, not being bothered by "yearnestness," they get as much healthy pleasure out of their meals as they can, and are monstrous civil and merry, as Pepys would say; while the constant click of the billiard-balls is the sociable sound heard in the dullest restaurant.

But the gayest haunt in the whole town was our hotel, with its beer-garden and nightly concert when there was no rain. Then, too, it was the C.T.C. recommended headquarters, and we met cyclists there—a mild Viennese, who was the only person in the house to dine upstairs, where you ate the same dishes and paid twice as much for them as if you stayed below, and who showed us the comic post-cards, a specialty of German humour, which he was sending to friends at home; Americans who treated us with a respect which was oppressive; and a delightful little Pole, who, after that, became our fellow-traveller for several days.

The morning we left, just before noon, J— was overhauling the machines, and he asked the Pole, who was putting his safety in order, for a spanner. That was our introduction. They both misunderstood each other in German for a few minutes, when it occurred to them that they might understand each other in French. It was then we discovered that he was a Pole, that he had lived in Paris for years and spoke French like a native, and that he was riding in our direction; and so, after dinner, we all started off together.

If the road going into Munich was bad, I don't know what to call the road going out of it. I feel that I used up my strongest adjectives too soon. But the most naturalistic description would not explain its execrable condition better than the fact that the big, heavy, lumbering country carts took to the ploughed

fields in preference, and so did we. When the fields came to an end we rode through woods, dodging the undergrowth as best we could, ducking under the lower branches of the trees, though every now and then one would catch my hat and send me flying. When I fell I always turned around, and there, some distance behind, I always saw the Pole in the mud, with his safety at his side. Every time J— would go back to help him out; every time the Pole would find a new excuse for having tumbled, J— a more emphatic word for having been bothered. There were trenches running from the road to the wood, as if it were possible to drain it of its mud: if we saw them in time, we jumped off our bicycles; if not, we were jerked off. That one afternoon was to me worth years of ordinary practice in mounting and dismounting. When the wood became all but impracticable we went back to the mud; when the mud became unendurable we went back to the wood. And once, where the road was most disgracefully bad, we passed a road-mender carefully pulling up the weeds at its side! Presently, the Pole refused to go farther, and threw himself on his back in the wet grass. We suggested rheumatism and lumbago, but he would not budge. We had waited a good half-hour in the first village inn before he overtook us.

Things improved after that. The wind subsided a little, we began to see the mountains of the Tyrol in the distance, there were wide views from every hilltop, we met peasants in Tyrolean costume—knee-breeches, ruffled shirts, jackets with short tails, soft hats with green ribbon and feather—and on the houses, about every window and door, were the pretty decorations peculiar to this part of Swabia. But the improvement was not great enough to make us think twice about stopping in Aibling, forty-seven kilometres from Munich, though J— and I, out of politeness, stood in front of the inn at the entrance of the town until the Pole had caught up to us—he was walking by this time—and pretended to consult him.

He made himself so useful that we forgave him for having kept us waiting. He had an idea that his German was very much better than ours, which it wasn't, but we let him go on believing it, and were modestly silent while he did all our bargaining. To this day I am not sure whether it was owing to his talents or to the natural virtues of Aibling that our bill there was the smallest of the entire journey. It deserves to be recorded. For our two suppers, our room, and our two coffees in the morning, we paid exactly three marks and eighty pfennigs. And there was no petty meanness about the proprietor either. We had three beds in our room; the Pole four in his. The next morning, farther in the town, we found several more pretentious hotels, where, I don't doubt, we could have paid twice as much. But we were content. The small clean German inn was always good enough for us.

After Aibling, the road, though nothing to boast of, at least compared favourably with the fields on each side, and it ran through uncommonly pretty country. It brought us to Rosenheim and Endorf, to Trautstein and other picturesque towns. The near blue mountains of the Salzkammergut rose before us and took on bolder and more beautiful forms with every hour; and we came to one after another of the wide Bavarian Sees, or lakes, now looking down upon them from high places, now loading on their banks; and once for several kilometres we skirted Chiem See, radiant in sunshine, in the far distance the island where the mad Bavarian king built himself his lordly pleasure-house, and where in near waters he was drowned; at the lower end was a little village, with an inn overlooking the lake, where we ate a dinner of the Pole's ordering.

The Pole was the one excitement of the day. He would not keep up with us, he would make us wait for him, sometimes in a roadside inn over a light lunch, sometimes under a tree in the open country. Once we lost him altogether as we rode through a town, but he turned up an hour later, scorching like one possessed in his desire to overtake us; once J— rode back a whole kilometre, so sure were we that this time he had broken his neck. But he was never without his good reason: his brake had come loose, his chain had got choked with mud, he had dropped something, he never did believe in riding more than twenty kilometres at a time without stopping



GATE AT SALZBURG.

to rest. Indeed, he was a great comfort to me—he was such a bad rider. Still, we were anxious to get to Salzburg for the night, and so was he, for that matter. When he rode with us, which was not often, he was preparing us for the delights of a certain Weinkeller in the town which he knew, where, he said, we must go for supper.

The road grew worse in the afternoon. It was full of ruts,



SALZBURG.

which brought me several times—the Pole oftener—to the ground; and I believe J—, when he was out of sight, indulged in a private tumble on his own account. And so, when the sun set, we were kilometres away from Salzburg. But the Pole insisted that the Keller would make up for everything, and on we pushed. In the twilight we crossed a bridge: at one end the blue-and-white Bavarian pole and the inevitable German soldier with his rifle, who wished us good evening; at the other, the Austrian orange-and-black and Customs officers, who let us pass without a word. We were again in the home of the gulden.

Salzburg may be very picturesque as you ride towards it from Bavaria. But only its lights at intervals we saw, as, in single-file, J— leading and the Pole bringing up the rear, we hurried through the darkness—first in the open road, then between high white walls, and at last under a gateway that promised, and proved the next morning, to be fine by daylight. Here the Pole thought it would be wiser for him to lead, since he knew his Salzburg. So well did he know it that twice we followed him over the same bridge, twice up and down the same streets, and then twice we watched him bargain at the hotel where the landlord, in confusion, talked English to him, French to us. But never once did he lose his temper—not even when there seemed no escape from that extra half-gulden for a candle. Long after J—'s patience and mine had flown, he was amiability itself. He understood, if we did not, that, as somebody says, the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness. Like the Bohemians, he seemed bent on showing us that the dreamy Slav is all a humbug, that the real Slav is the most practical of mankind.

He would not let us off from that visit to the Weinkeller, which half-a-dozen stray citizens and a couple of policemen politely helped him to find. It was no more a genuine cellar



SALZBURG.

than Wagner's in Baireuth. There were a few rooms indoors, but it was mainly a large, open court, shut in on one side with the rough rock of the overshadowing mountain. If it was as crowded in proportion as the brewery of Munich, currents of fresh air from over the hills and continual showers kept it fresh and clean. So long as the rain gave us a chance, we sat in the large square with sky for roof, eating Wiener Schnitzel and drinking Hungarian wine out of compliment to the country, while we looked at the people, so much jauntier in dress and bearing than the Bavarians, the men wearing their theatrical soft hats with feather at one side, or big paint-brush (J—'s name for it) at the back, with a grace which the uncompromising top hat could never borrow.

But it was not until morning that we had our first impressions of Salzburg: as we saw it from our windows, a place of narrow, rain-driven streets, where dogs, harnessed to milk-carts, sat under umbrellas in the gutters; as we saw it in the sham Tyrolean room that served for hotel café, a haunt of tourists, English, American, French, but chiefly German and Austrian. Between showers we went out, but just as we began to learn how well the town stands on both sides the Salzach—like Budapest on the Danube—and how effective is the castle on its hilltop, down came the rain again and drove us into a very bad picture-show of native painters, where the only good things were German or American.

It cleared towards noon. We could not afford to waste the sunshine, and so we made a new start after breakfast. The road out of Salzburg was first a wide river; then it ran uphill in a perpendicular line. Naturally we walked. It might have been some help if that marvellous outlook over the valley of the Salzach, with Salzburg coming up so finely in the centre of the picture it made, had been in front and not behind us. Except when we turned for a minute, we saw nothing but the steep mountain we had to climb. Peasants, with empty carts, were climbing too, and the Pole, equal to the occasion, tried to bargain with them to carry our machines. But one laughed idiotically for an answer, another said half a kilometre would bring us to the top, a third wanted half a gulden for each. There was a stupid passiveness about all the peasants in the Salzkammergut. A laugh, as a rule, was the only answer we could force from them. Perhaps they did not understand us; but the hideous goitres, the more hideous dwarfs, we saw suggested another reason for their dulness.

Not till the very end of the afternoon was our climbing over, though we had an occasional coast down to a lake, as brilliantly and impossibly blue as the sky in the painted shrines and memorial tablets by the way. It was here we saw the true art of the country rather than in the gallery of Salzburg—an art



charmingly primitive in its realism. The most fervent Pre-Raphaelite in the first days of his apostleship was never more faithful to nature than the native artist who painted that wayside masterpiece, with every stone pile, every tree, every telegraph pole and wire in the road before us carefully copied in good strong primary colours, and with a naïveté of Byzantine masters might have envied, while in the foreground sprawled a man face downward. A murder had once been committed on this very spot, and the father of the victim had set up this record of the crime with a petition that all who passed by might salute the memory of his son. "Tis no great thing to ask," said the Pole, and he took off his hat. As we went on, the number of shrines and the misery of the road increased: it would be more Christian-like, I think, if these mountaineers spent less on the saints in heaven and more on the highways in their mountains.

When we had finished our climbing, the road ran down hill with the suddenness with which it had mounted, and we kept on walking. We could see another lake now below, and St. Gilgen on its shores. It was there we were to stay, on the recommendation of the Pole, who still claimed the infallibility of Baedeker and Murray combined. The clouds had been slowly gathering for the last hour, and now their threat to race us forced us on our machines. We let out our brakes and away we coasted, passing peasants too apathetic or too used to rain to hurry, and tourists in full Tyrolean costume—soft hat, green ribbon, feather, short jacket, knee-breeches, and all—walking at full speed. It was a capital race—because we won it. As we stepped into the hall of the Hotel of the Post, as our hands were seized and shaken by the landlord, the heavens opened for the deluge.

#### STATUE OF EDWARD IRVING.

Although Edward Irving was a man of genius—for even mere admirers of secular literature will allow that speculative and, dare we say? imaginative or inventive theology may be the work of genius—and though he was one of the finest pulpit orators and writers of his age—it may be that his name will some day be remembered oftener as the earliest intellectual ally of Thomas Carlyle and as Jane Welsh's sometime lover. "If I had married Irving," said that clever, passionate, not too happy lady, "there would have been no 'Gift of Tongues'—except the natural gift, which, indeed, both he and she possessed in a remarkable degree.

A few persons are still living who once or twice heard Irving preach in London, and were astonished by his eloquence, but even more by the burning fury of his religious zeal. No man of the nineteenth century had the personal aspect, voice, attitude, and manner of a soul-prophet more conspicuously than this enthusiastic Scottish evangelist, whose doctrines, apart from points of ritual, ordination, and ecclesiastical constitution in the community he founded, were not substantially different from the reputed orthodoxy of existing British persuasions. The mystic dream, as most Christians think it was, of the continuance, in this age, of a miraculous faculty of inspired utterance in words belonging to none of the known languages of mankind was founded possibly on a misunderstanding of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians; at any rate, we believe that the practice has been relinquished by Irving's Church. It gained, for a short time, the qualified and provisional sanction of one of the wisest and most liberal of Scottish theologians, the Rev. John Campbell, then minister of Row, on the Clyde, author of books which are highly valued by devout and rational Christians. The late A. J. Scott, Principal of Owens College, Manchester, one of the most accomplished literary scholars of his time, was another of Irving's adherents.

On Thursday, Aug. 4, in the town of Annan, where Irving was born a hundred years ago—he died in 1834, when Carlyle wrote a noble essay on the character of his departed friend—the white marble statue of this eminent man, upon a pedestal of Peterhead granite, was publicly unveiled. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Professor Charteris, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, himself a native of Annandale. The Provost and Town Council, the School Board, and other local public bodies, with the Volunteers, went in procession to attend this solemn commemorative act. In the Moderator's brief address, Irving was compared with Chalmers, as well as with Carlyle. We report no comment on differences of religious teaching. The statue was executed by Mr. Dods, sculptor, of Dumfries.

The Mayor of Palos, the small seaport town in Spain from which Columbus sailed across the Atlantic four centuries ago, and where the interesting commemorative naval festival took place on Aug. 3, received a telegram from Queen Victoria congratulating the town upon that important event.

At Lucerne, on Aug. 7, in front of the stone lion carved in the rock, from Thorwaldsen's design, in honour of the Swiss Guards massacred at the Tuileries in 1792, while defending King Louis XVI. and the French royal family, there was a solemn commemorative procession, followed by a religious service in the Memorial Chapel.

The cricket championship of English county teams was practically decided, on Saturday, Aug. 6, on the St. Lawrence ground, by the victory of the Nottinghamshire eleven over the Kent eleven; the scores of the former being 226 in their first innings, and 178, with several wickets to spare, in the second; while Kent scored 164 and 184. Shrewsbury, in the first Nottinghamshire innings, made 111 runs, not out.

#### THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

Most likely without reason, there has been another alarm about "ghosts" in the studio, where of a certainty no ghosts should be, other than the harmless wanderers in which the Psychical Researchers are interested. But as to that, the studio-ghost is not only, by all hypothesis, an innocent being, but as much to be pitied as the unhappy wraith which can find no rest till its earthly tenement is buried in a Christian-like way. The only difference is that the studio-ghost is too much buried. Alive with superior talent, he is yet obliged to seek interment in the vaults of some half-animate artist, there to serve him as in a grave, and in a manner so miserable that it is as if a father of a family went and hired himself out to some rosy South Kensington vampire at half-a-crown an hour. By all means let the hirers of such unfortunates be hunted out wherever they may really exist; the dignity and integrity of Art require it to be done. But at the same time why should not a little society be formed for the reclamation of the "ghosts"—the dispirited victims of the Vampirical system in art? Of course when they are in service to uncompetitive and unbragging amateurs, both parties may be let alone; though when a Count D'Orsay is in the case it is doubtful whether concealment should be quite permitted. The Count's noble name is mentioned because it used to be whispered forty years ago in the humbler purlieus of art that he, with his pretty



STATUE OF EDWARD IRVING AT ANNAN.

equestrian statuettes and the like, had a ghost, the name of which was Nicholson.

What a world of human nature is revealed in the anxiety to believe that precisely such creatures as ourselves do inhabit some at least of the many planets that shine about us! Not very long ago this anxiety stood upon nothing but timid conjecture; but, judging from all that has appeared in the newspapers on this subject apropos of the attraction of Mars to the Earth, conjecture is becoming much more confident in the general mind, and perhaps we can tell why. By aid of the spectroscope, among other tools, Astronomy is clearer than ever that all these orbs are made up of the same elements in one form or another, and that the evolutionary history of one is, has been, or will be that of many. Hence, a more reasonable hope that beings like to ourselves exist in a thousand stars, and hence the strengthening in some minds of another hope more vivacious yet—namely, that we may be able at some future time to communicate with those immensely distant peoples: as by means of Mr. Francis Galton's sun-flash signalling. Hope—but not much: very little indeed: hardly as much as the briskest imagination can keep alive at present. Setting everything else aside, it is surely an enormous assumption that the creatures of another planet have so much of our own habitude and training in sense and intelligence that the means and modes of communication are the same there as here. Superiority as well as inferiority of mental development might forbid that, even supposing that the inhabitants of Mars are as we are in all essential characteristics; and one philosopher has hazarded the conjecture that the good people of Mars are millions of years beyond us in intellectual growth. If so, what have we now before us but the picture of whole populations of Marsian

Dr. Garners endeavouring to make out the communications of a wilderness of monkeys? That, however, is too unpleasant a speculation by far. Let us fall back on the well-authorised and comfortable thought that Mars has a North Pole just like our own, with a cap of ice and snow that visibly increases and diminishes in the most natural way.

It may be worth chronicling, as a sign of the times, that a considerable number of the members of the new House of Commons took advantage of Mr. Bradlaugh's Act, and "affirmed" instead of taking the oath. It also appears, however, that when some of these gentlemen understood (as they did not at first) all that the choice of affirmation implied they repented a little. We are told, indeed, that "several of them did, as a matter of fact, take the oath as a kind of *petit verre* on the top of the affirmation." ("A kind of *petit verre*!")

It is, perhaps, because the nineteenth century is wearing out that practices, dreadful practices, which its celebrated spirit was supposed to have abolished for ever are reported as not very remarkable events of the day. The murder of one prince at the direction of the ministers of another was believed a little while ago to be quite an antiquated outrageous kind of crime, but in 1892 a deliberate attempt of the sort is charged against the servants of the Czar. The accusation is said to have been proved by documentary evidence of the most open and cold-blooded character (not a bit of nineteenth-century decency about it), and yet the affair makes less sensation in the most morally sensitive part of Europe than the great cricket match of the season. To be sure, it is not quite certain that the incriminating documents were genuine; but that is neither here nor there. They are *believed* to be genuine where the proposal to "remove" Prince Ferdinand excites no more horror, apparently, than a Borgian peccadillo did in an age far removed from our own.

This being so, perhaps it will neither shock nor surprise anyone to hear that Ferdinand is not the only Prince of Bulgaria who is supposed by some fanciful persons to have been marked down for personal destruction by too-officious friends of the Czar. It is a long story, the heads of which, however, may be jotted down in a few sentences. Prince Alexander (Ferdinand's predecessor) earned a high reputation while he ruled in Bulgaria for courage, will, force of character; and soon after the war with Serbia broke out it appeared, moreover, that he had in him the makings of a great soldier. Not long after the termination of the war it was found convenient to kidnap this doughty Prince; convenient to Russia, that is to say. Kidnapped, he was taken aboard a steam-vessel, and for some days he was carried about in this vessel, very few people (except those in the same boat with him) knowing anything of his whereabouts. Presently he was released—of course, on certain conditions; and then it was observed, or fancied, by some of his friends that in those few days he had become an utterly changed man. His will, his courage, his strength of character seemed quite broken down. The change appeared to them so great that they must needs seek some extraordinary explanation of it. Perhaps the kidnapping, and the being carried about so mysteriously up and down the river, may have been enough to account for a certain amount of shock to the Prince's nervous system; but this explanation failed to satisfy some who were impressed by his coolness and daring in the field. These doubters reminded each other of a drug said to be compounded for political use in Afghanistan; which drug being administered two or three times in coffee (that favourite vehicle of the deadlier toxicants in the East) has the strange effect of taming active minds and discharging them of all superfluous energy. Particular instances of its operation on too-ambitious Afghan uncles and sons have been cited—at a guess or otherwise; and now that there is a sort of judicial affirmation that Russian officials can be so zealous as to plot for putting Bulgarian princes out of the way, half-believers in the romantic story of the Afghan drug will incline to it yet more.

The subscriptions to the Manning Memorial, which, it may be remembered, will take the shape of a refuge, under Catholic management, for the Homeless Poor, without distinction of creed, amount now, we understand, to very nearly £5000.

Miss Ellen Terry, who is sister-in-law to the Vicar of St. Giles's, Colchester (the Rev. H. W. Wardell), attracted on Aug. 5 an immense crowd to a bazaar for the restoration of the church, in the beautiful grounds of Holly Trees, the residence of Mr. James Round, M.P., which was opened by Lady Brooke. There were nearly as many red as black coats.

During the procession of George Sanger's circus through Gloucester some children teased three caged lions by poking them with straws and sticks. Eventually one of the animals, as a result of a boy pulling its tail, put its paw through the bars and severely clawed a girl of thirteen. The scalp, back of the neck, and one of the fingers were badly torn.

The Administrator, or acting Governor, of Newfoundland, Sir F. B. T. Carter, in the absence of Governor Sir Terence O'Brien, has, through the Colonial Office, thanked the Lord Mayor of London and subscribers in England for £9000 already sent of the relief fund on account of the great fire in the city of St. John's. There are 10,000 persons now sheltered in wooden sheds and camps, most of whom need to be fed. It seems that four persons were burnt to death.





MR. R. C. DISRAELI (ALTRINCHAM), C.  
Born 1837, only son of Mr. Ralph Disraeli, late Deputy Clerk of Parliament, nephew to Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, whose estate and mansion, Hughenden Manor, are inherited by Mr. Coningsby Disraeli; educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford. Polled 5056, against 4253.



MR. J. C. WILLIAMS (SOUTH NOTTS), G.  
Born 1821, in London; in 1847 became Secretary to "Society for Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control," which succeeded "Anti-State Church Association"; retired from Secretaryship 1877, appointed Chairman of Parliamentary Committee; is Chairman of Hornsey Liberal Association. Polled 5731, against 3235.



MR. MICHAEL DAVITT (NORTH MEATH), N.  
Born 1846, son of a Mayo peasant; employed as child in Lancashire cotton-mill, lost right arm by accident with machinery; attended Wesleyan school, Haslingden; in 1868 became commercial traveller; convicted 1870 of furnishing fire-arms to Fenton rebels; sentenced fifteen years penal servitude. Polled 2549, against 2143.



SIR C. W. DILKE (FOREST OF DEAN), G.  
Born 1843, eldest son of the late Baronet; educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; called to Bar; proprietor of *Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries*; M.P. for Chelsea 1831 to 1886; Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, April 1880, President of Local Government Board, 1882 to 1885; author of many books. Polled 5360, against 2942.



MR. JOSEPH ARCH (N.W. NORFOLK), G.  
Born 1836, son of agricultural labourer, Barford, Warwickshire; sent as child to earn wages in fields; learnt mensuration and land-surveying, and studied logic; joined Primitive Methodists, became itinerant preacher; took part in agitation among rustic labourers; founded National Agricultural Labourers' Union. Polled 4911, against 3922.



SIR JOHN PENDER (WICK BURGHS), U.L.  
Born 1816, Dumbartonshire; educated at High School, Glasgow; Chairman of Eastern Telegraph and Extension, Direct United States Cable, African Telegraphs, Globe Telegraph, and other companies; knighted as K.C.M.G.; elected M.P. for Totnes, 1865 but unseated; M.P. for Wick, 1872 to 1885. Polled 552, against 825.

# NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



"PILLARS OF THE STATE."—BY GORDON BROWNE.





"STRANGERS IN THE VILLAGE."—BY HARRY TUCK.

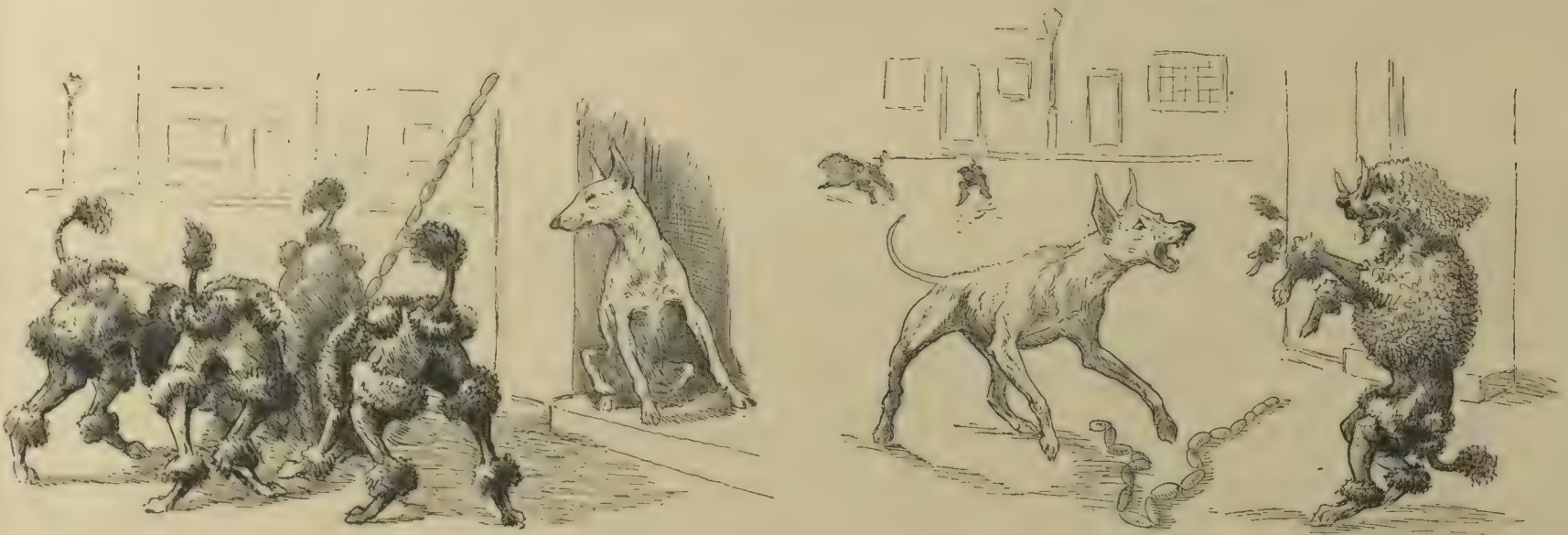




*The depredations of a certain quartet becoming too frequent,*



*The butcher's dog began to realise that something was wrong.*



*But he took only a supercilious interest in the doings of the foreign depredators till he smelt pork sausages.*

*When he went for them,*



Louis Wain

*And ate the whole string.*

*The butcher's dog died, but there were fresh sausages in the morning. Nil nisi bonum.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Now that the holiday season is upon us, I presume my readers will be scattered far and wide over the land—fishing in Norway, climbing mountains in Switzerland, shooting on the moors, and otherwise endeavouring to recuperate body and mind for the more serious business of life. Reflections on the best method of spending a holiday have been indited from time immemorial of course, but, as far as I can observe, with but scant success. For holidaying, like most other earthly things (including digestion) is a strictly relative matter. What suits one won't please another; it is impossible to lay down any but the most generalised rules for the proper observance of one's leisure time, and we all know how extreme generalisation thins itself out, in the long run, into sheer nothingness. Personally, I confess to a strong liking for the society of my fellow-men. I prefer Brighton, for instance, to some sequestered seaside nook, and I confess to finding extreme pleasure in watching the antics of old and young at Margate or Yarmouth—a confession, I know, which will stamp me at once as a veritable Philistine in the eyes of those æsthetic persons who hate crowds, and who prefer to survey life from a balcony. Be it so; only I should not dream of recommending my prescription to other people, any more than I should insist on advising a man who is upset by the sea to try a yachting holiday, or on setting an ardent golfer down somewhere or other with links ten miles off.

Only, I am convinced that many of us do not get all the good we might obtain from our rest, because we do not choose that mode of life which best suits our ways and ideas. Many a man thinks it a bounden duty to stow himself away in a dreary silent resort, where there is "nothing to do" and little to see, and where, when he has read his morning paper, the rest of the day is spent in—well, yawning, and indulging in the vain desire to get back to town. Surely we can get fresh air and rest and change without laying ourselves open to ennui; and hence my plea for a better consideration of the question where to go for holidays. One point always strikes me as irrelevant and foolish—namely, that people will often leave comfortable homes and will stow themselves and their families in houses which are devoid of all comfort and, what is worse still, of sanitary arrangements. Then they wonder why their holiday has not effected all the good that was expected of it, and where this typhoid, or that attack of measles, was contracted. This is a serious business, only things are getting better now—thanks to the increased attention paid at health-resorts to drainage and other essential matters.

The recent cholera scare need not, I fancy, deter people from going on the Continent—that is, the Continent most of us know. Farther east there may be danger—indeed, there always is—from defective sanitation, when the cholera season is upon us. I would add, never drink water abroad when you can help it. Lest it be thought I am encouraging habits of intemperance, I would say, follow my plan, and when you go abroad drink Apollinaris or Godesberger water. You pay for it, but then it is better to pay a small sum for prevention than a big one for treatment of typhoid. An old Scotchman once remarked to me that he had never experienced any ill effects from drinking water in Paris in summer or elsewhere, but then he added the observation that he always qualified the water with the wine of his country, which, he remarked, "You'll admit is very destructive to germs"! All the same, we are not all lovers of "mountain dew," and I advise my readers to drink a pure mineral water abroad in preference to any native product, and, above all things, to avoid the siphons of aerated water which most of the hotels furnish. They are deadly inventions, and, I believe, along with the *carafes frappées*, are the cause of much illness from the impurity of the water and ice they respectively contain:

One of the most important books of the season, from a scientific standpoint, is that just published on "The Diseases of Occupation," by Dr. Arlidge. I have read it with much interest and a corresponding meed of instruction. It is a curious study this, which shows how diseases of a special kind follow on the footsteps of the trades and occupations incidental to civilisation. What Dr. Arlidge has to say about the "grinders" of Sheffield with their shortened lives, and about "dusts" at large breathed into the lungs of workers, is worthy the study of everybody. If certain diseases follow upon certain occupations, limited as these diseases are to-day by improved sanitation, it is curious to note that even our amusements may bring specific ailments in their train. What are we to say to "horse-rider's sprain" or to "lawn-tennis elbow," both being ailments well known to surgeons? Then the ballet-dancer's big toe is liable to assert itself as a consequence of her art, and there is also a trouble known as "dentist's leg," produced by the cramped posture in which that gentleman has to work. Even coal-miners are liable to a peculiar affection of the eyes, due to the cramped position in which they often work. It is, I repeat, a curious study, this, of the industrial diseases of our time, and one to which we may be glad to notice that increased attention is being paid.

A correspondent invokes my aid in exposing what must certainly, as he puts it, be regarded as a deliberate fraud upon consumers of condensed milks. When anyone buys a tin of condensed milk, he naturally expects to purchase ordinary preserved milk containing all the constituents of that fluid. Yet it seems that commercial ingenuity has been equal to the task of defrauding the public by substituting, for the pure article, condensed "skim" milk, from which the fat—so important an element in nutrition—has been removed. If we reflect upon the extent to which condensed milk is used in the feeding of infants, and especially the children of the poor, the deprivation of fat to which I allude becomes, medically speaking, a most serious matter. It is a fraud which has the worst consequences, in that purchasers are not merely wronged as regards the money paid for what they assume to be milk of full nutritive value, but also as regards the health of those who have to depend on the milk for their nourishment.

Doubtless manufacturers are compelled to label their condensed "skim" milk as such, but we all know there are ways and means of labelling which simply defeat the object of legislation and delude the customer, who in no case, surely, could possibly prefer "skim" milk to that of full strength. "Skim" milk should not be labelled "milk" at all. That is the only remedy for the abuse of the name, and I hope to see it applied in due course. Then there is yet another piece of ingenuity to be noticed in connection with condensed milks. Some tins are labelled so as to make it appear that they contain goat's milk. Here a popular error is fostered. Swiss condensed milk itself, is not goat's milk. It is cow's milk, and there is no difference to be detected between average Swiss milk (cow's) and English milk. But the chief cause of complaint is the selling of condensed "skim" milk for the full-bodied article; and it is desirable that the delusion about goat's milk should be also banished from the public mind.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- F KELLNER (Leipzig).—Your problems have arrived, and shall receive our earliest attention.
- O BUNNETT (Biggleswade).—You do not say in how many moves your new problem is to be solved, but the key you give, Black's reply of Kt takes P (ch), seems to stop any mate in less than five. The amended position of the other is under examination.
- DR F ST (Camberwell).—Your last three-mover can be solved by 1. K to B3rd or 1. R to B6th, if, indeed, there are not more.
- W P H (Seaford).—The two-mover is a very neat composition, but you do not give the name of the author.
- J F MOON.—We are obliged for your contribution, which shall be reported upon at an early date.
- G K ANSELL.—Your position is neatly constructed, but we are receiving problems by the dozen with precisely the same move and play. The idea of the Queen mating in the fashion you employ was exhausted twenty years ago.
- W P HIND.—We cannot see the likeness beyond the first move. Your problem was discarded on account of the B B at Q R sq, and B P at Q Kt 2nd—a palpable impossibility.
- COLUMBUS.—Problem to hand, with thanks.
- J SMITH (Mullbrook, Jersey).—In No. 2517, if Black play 1. Kt to Q B 3rd, White mates by P takes P.
- B W LA MOTHE (New York).—Thanks for problems, which we shall examine with careful interest, and also review our criticism of the last.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2515 received from S D Hill (Indian Orchard, Mass.); of No. 2517 from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2519 from W H Thompson (Teneriffe) and Captain J A Challice; of No. 2520 from L Desanges, J C Ireland, A W Hamilton (Gell) (Exeter), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dr F St, Buet, and F C Hands.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2521 received from C E Perugi, Dr F St, J F Moon, Buet, R H Brooks, W Percy Hind (Seaford), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), H B Huford, J D Tucker (Leeds), W B B (Plymouth), P J Knight, W R Rallem, C M A B, Admiral Brandreth, Martin F, Shadforth, William Guy, jun (Johnstone), B D K, H S Brandreth, T G (Ware), H J Lane, J Chad, G Joyce, A L Jones (Belfast), E Loudon, G T Hughes (Waterford), Sorrento (Dawlish), E E H, J B Baxter (Perth), Dr Waltz (Ostend), A Newman, R Waters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), L Schin (Vienna), W Vincent, J H Dow, T Roberts, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W F Payne, Columbus, Alpha, J Ross (Whitley), W Wright, and A W Hamilton Gell.

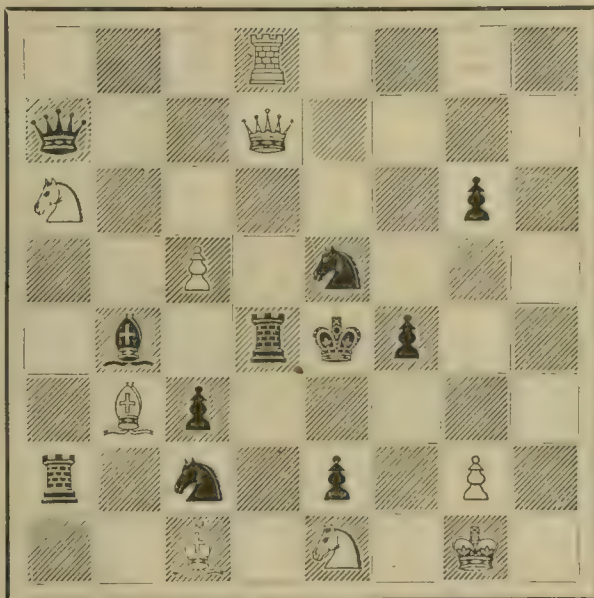
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2519.—By J. S. THORNS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to B 6th. Any move.  
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2523

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Dresden tournament between Messrs. WINAWER and ALAPIN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- |  |                |   |                     |
|--|----------------|---|---------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. W.)   | BLACK (Mr. A.) | WHITE (Mr. W.)  | BLACK (Mr. A.)      |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to K 4th     | 20. Kt (K sq) to Q 3rd  | Q to R 3rd          |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd   | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 21. P to Q B 4th  | Q to Kt 3rd         |
| 3. B to Kt 5th   | P to Q R 3rd   | 22. K to B 2nd  | Q R to Kt sq        |
| 4. B to R 4th  | P to Q 3rd     | 23. Kt to B sq  | Q to Kt 2nd         |
| 5. B takes Kt (ch)   | P takes B      | 24. Q to Q 2nd  | P to Q 4th          |
| 6. P to Q 4th  | P to B 3rd     | An excellent move, that opens up a splendid attack  |                     |
| 7. P takes P   | B P takes P    | 25. Q to Q 3rd  | Kt to Kt 3rd        |
| 8. Kt to B 3rd   | Kt to B 3rd    | 26. R to Q 2nd  | Kt takes B P        |
| 9. B to Kt 5th   | B to K 2nd     | 27. Kt takes Kt   | P takes Kt          |
| 10. Q to Q 2nd   | B to K 3rd     | 28. P takes P   | Q to R 3rd          |
| 11. Castles (Q R)  |                | Q to Kt 7th (ch) might now have been played, followed by Q to Kt 5th, attacking both R P and B P.   |                     |
| This is difficult to understand. Castling K R is quite safe, and answers his purpose, but to Castle on the Q side in face of an open file for his opponent's Q it seems tempting fate. |                | 29. Q to B 3rd  | Q takes P           |
| 12. B to K 3rd   | Kt to Q 2nd    | A fatal blunder! He should have played R to Kt 5th, and, in reply to Q takes P, Q takes P (ch), &c., we believe, should win without much trouble. |                     |
| B takes B would have prevented the resistless combination which Black's Bishops make presently.  |                | 30. Q takes Q   | B takes Q           |
| 13. Kt to K sq   | Q to Kt sq     | 31. R to Q 7th  |                     |
| With the better game clearly in hand, Black now commences a well-sustained attack on his opponent's weak spot.   |                | White has now got over his difficulties, and luckily wins a game that he certainly ought to have lost.  |                     |
| 14. P to Q Kt 3rd  | P to Q R 4th   | 32. K R to Q sq   | R to B 2nd          |
| 15. P to B 3rd   | Q to Kt 2nd    | 33. R to Q 8th  | R (B 2nd) to Kt 2nd |
| 16. Kt to R 4th  | P to B 4th     | 34. B takes P   | R takes R           |
| 17. Kt to Kt 2nd   | Kt to Kt 3rd   | 35. R takes R   | R to K B 2nd        |
| 18. P to Q R 4th   | P to B 3rd     | 36. Kt to Q 3rd   | B takes Kt          |
| 19. Q to B 2nd   | Kt to Q 2nd    | 37. K takes B   | P to Kt 3rd         |
| The moves in this part of the game are played with admirable precision by Black, whose object clearly is to advance his centre Pawns, while White is equally anxious to prevent it.    |                | 38. K to B 4th, and wins.   |                     |

The meeting of the Counties Chess Association at Brighton met with a well deserved success, and attracted a good attendance of amateurs and the public alike. Additional interest was excited by the presence of the Rev. G. McDonnell, Mr. Gunsberg, and Herr Lasker, who during the week gave exhibition matches in various forms, to the delight of the chessplaying visitors.

The International Chess Congress at Dresden has given further proof of the exceptional skill of Dr. Tarrasch, who for the third time in succession wins the chief prize in a great masters' tournament. The merit of this unique performance is enhanced by the fact that in all these contests he has lost but a single game, which we published a fortnight back, an unprecedented record in first-class play. A meeting between the Nuremberg physician and Mr. Steinitz would arouse the liveliest feelings in chess circles, and a much finer struggle than any yet fought might be reasonably anticipated. Belonging to the same school as Steinitz, and with as fine a sense of position, Dr. Tarrasch has the advantage of years, and if anyone is capable of bringing the world's championship back to Europe he is the man. Special mention ought also to be made of the fine play of Herr Walbrodt, of Berlin. Although not yet twenty years of age, he more than held his own amongst the masters, and ultimately tied for the fourth and fifth prizes with a score of 10. When it is remembered that he took the second prize, this total means more than his position on the prize-list fully represents, and practically makes him as good as anybody but Dr. Tarrasch. With ability so promising, Herr Walbrodt's chess future will be closely watched. The English players did not show to much advantage. Mr. Blackburne takes a special prize for the best score against the winners, and there ends England's interest in the awards. Mr. Mason at one time looked formidable, but lost ground towards the end, whilst Mr. Loman all through was palpably below form.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The wedding of the heir of the Duke of Devonshire was as "smart" a function as was anticipated. The bride's going-away dress was very pretty; it was in pale-blue soft material, the bodice almost covered with folded white crêpe de Chine, and finished with revers of white moiré antique. Lady Evelyn received a great number of presents of jewellery. Her father is the Viceroy of India, and his staff sent a bangle with heart-shaped brilliant centre. The Marquis of Lansdowne himself gave his daughter a pearl and a diamond necklace; one of her aunts sent a necklace of the two stones combined, and the Duke of Devonshire a splendid three-row pearl necklace. The Duke of Westminster's present was a very uncommon necklace of white enamel olive leaves, with setting of brilliant points and pink topaz. Besides the jewellery now given her, however, Lady Evelyn Cavendish will have at once a large quantity of precious stones which have been bequeathed direct by the late Duke of Devonshire to his grandson, the bridegroom. It will take a long time for this over-rich young lady to so much as know the contents of her own jewel-cases! I say "over-rich" because, after all, an English lady cannot (an she would) bedeck herself with innumerable gauds, as though she were a Hindoo idol; and so many necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and rings as Lady Evelyn Cavendish now possesses are useless, except to afford mere variety, which is a doubtful pleasure. I suppose it occurs to most of us to make favourites of some among even a small stock of personal ornaments: some are worn constantly, others are hardly ever taken out of their cases.

It has amused me much to see the difficulty that many journalists seem to experience about the titles of English ladies in the case of marriages such as this one. A great London daily sent a reporter who knew no better than to speak of the going-away dress of "Lady Victor Cavendish"; and another improved even on that by depriving her of her courtesy title altogether, and speaking of "Mrs. Victor Cavendish"! Of course, a marquis's daughter marrying a "Mr." retains her own Christian name, with the title of "Lady" before it, and her husband's surname to follow. This should be known even to reporters, since it is not "specialised" knowledge, so to speak, like descriptions of ladies' dress. Most men are absolutely incompetent to write about frocks, and the poor things flounder dreadfully when they attempt it. Not from what the doctors call congenital incapacity—that is, being born so—for when the great male mind applies itself to chiffons it can master them. Some of our very best dressmakers and the buyers and managers of millinery and drapery establishments are men. Think of the great Worth at Paris, or Mr. Joyce at Russell and Allen's! Even as far as literature goes, where is there a writer with a finer appreciation of frounces and furbelows than "The Lazy Minstrel," whose poems have just reached the well-deserved honour of a shilling (and eighth) edition? One can see the pretty gown that Mr. Ashby-Sterry so accurately describes as "The Pink of Perfection"—

It must not remind you of raspberry ice,  
Nor cheek of a milkmaid or cotter;  
A lobster-like redness is not at all nice,  
Nor feverish glow of the blotter.

A strawberry crushed, almost smothered in cream,  
Nearly matches the colour, it may be;  
The Jungfrau just flushed with the earliest beam,  
The hue of the palm of a baby.

This frock, when it's made with most exquisite taste,  
And fits like a glove on the shoulder,  
With yoke and full pleats and a band at the waist,  
Will gladden the passing beholder.

There it is, you see, in rhyme, and graceful and polished rhyme too, and yet a perfect picture of a little frock, colour and make too. But such skill is rare, very rare, in men, and the stuff which is printed by some journals as descriptive of ladies' dress is both perfectly useless and too funny. "Here was pale-blue combined with watercress-green, and worn with a black hat with yellow roses, next to a black and white check with brown velvet waistcoat. Close by one saw a flowered muslin with crushed strawberry trimmings, and a peach-coloured soft material relieved with brown, and worn with a big white lace hat." This uncouth jumble of verbiage is no joke from my imagination, but is what a great London daily paper seriously offered to its lady readers as descriptive of the frocks at a smart race meeting. There was half a column of this useless stuff.

Men should comprehend that women read descriptions of dress just as men read the City article—not for fun, but for business purposes. No women finds it particularly amusing to read about styles and stuffs, but it is intensely interesting because it is imperatively necessary when she is going to have a new frock or bonnet herself. John Stuart Mill remarked that the amount of observation and reflection that a lady had to bestow on having her own and her children's costume all that it should be might suffice, if otherwise applied, to produce really great results. This is quite true; and sad enough it is, when you look at the matter from the serious standpoint, that we should have to waste our time so utterly. But from the practical, worldly point of view, to consider costumes is by no means waste of time. Until we wear a uniform, every woman who wants to hold her own socially (and to do this is the main duty for the average woman) must give thought to make her various costumes suit her person, agree with her purse, and march with the fashion. For these ends, descriptions of dresses and hints on styles are eagerly read by women. But, in order to be of any use, such descriptions must be done by "expert" hands, and must be sufficiently detailed to be followed.

So long as there is so great a choice of fabrics, and such variations in style, and such scope for individual (good or bad) taste in dress, the subject must absorb a considerable share of women's thoughts and of the space in papers and "columns" devoted to feminine affairs. It is needed. This must be my answer to the three kind correspondents, who have all written to me (by a curious coincidence—what Wendell Holmes calls a "thought-wave") in the same week stating that they prefer this column in those weeks when it has but little about dress in it. As Macaulay said when the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* objected to the meretricious glitter of his style: "I may not altogether disagree with you personally, but the angler is not determined in his choice of a bait by his own taste but by that of the fish." Undoubtedly women must care for, and therefore must be given news about, the fashion of dress. The only way to avoid any particular trouble on that head would be to do what men have, in fact, almost done in this age: adopt a uniform costume, scarcely differing from year to year, and hardly marking the distinctions of wealth and caste. But how to achieve this end? Even the power of mighty Elizabeth failed to secure the prolonged observance of the sumptuary ordinance which she passed in 1574, requiring everybody to dress according to a pattern approved by the Queen. How much less chance is there for such laws to-day! Besides, I don't really think there is a demand for them. The only novelty and variety that many women get in life comes by a new cut in bodices and a fresh colour in bonnets!





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"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it."

"R. J. STEPHENSON."

Mr. Cyril Jephson, New Zealand, writes—

"As secretary of the County Hunt Club of Ashburton, Canterbury, New Zealand, I send you this testimonial. Your Embrocation has proved better than any I have ever used—in fact, no stable is complete without it for wounds, strains, and bruises."

Mr. H. Nurse, Blackwater, near Riverton, Southland, New Zealand, writes—

"I can testify to the efficacy of your Embrocation, having used it on our stock for many years."

Mr. Thomas Lynett, Elderslie Street, Winton, Queensland, writes—

"May 27, 1889.

"We use in the racing stables, and I sell in my store, a quantity of your Embrocation."

Mr. W. F. Rorke, Groot Vlakke, District Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes—

"May 13, 1889.

"I find your Embrocation most useful for rheumatism in horses."

**ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.** "AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."



## CHARLES KEENE.

*Life and Letters of Charles Keene, of "Punch."* By George Somes Layard. (London: Sampson Low and Co., 1892.)—It is a bold enterprise, and often a thankless one, nowadays for a man to write the life of a contemporary with whom he has been intimate; and the bolder venture of presenting a sketch of one with whom the biographer has had no personal relations might seem to be not less dangerous. Of course, readers lose those touches of character, those delicate self-revelations which cannot be passed from hand to hand; but the zeal of the partisan or hero-worshipper may at times be more misleading than the reflected opinions of others, as compiled by a discreet garnerer. Mr. Layard, so far as we can glean from this volume, belongs to the latter class, and he has been fairly successful in placing before his readers an interesting and readable sketch of the life of the late Charles Keene, profusely illustrated by drawings which mark with sufficient accuracy the artist's career. What one misses most in a book compiled after this method is the personal relation between the artist and his work, a tie more especially necessary in the case of Charles Keene, whose genius was imitative rather than creative, as may be gathered from the fact that few of his friends and acquaintance failed to figure under one form or another in his sketches and drawings.

Keene's life, in itself, was altogether uneventful. He was born in 1823, at Hornsey, and educated at Ipswich Grammar School, before it came under the influence of Dr. Jessopp. Here Charles Keene, who, on account of his delicate features, was known among his schoolfellows as "Miss Keene," remained until 1839, when he was articled as a solicitor to his then deceased father's firm in Fumival's Inn; but after a year of uncongenial confinement his mother consented to his entering an architect's office, and two years later he was apprenticed to Whympers, the Lambeth firm of wood-engravers, with whom, from 1842 to 1847, he applied himself diligently to attain proficiency. It must have been soon after the end of his apprenticeship that Keene, in association with John Tenniel, produced that interesting collection of pastels recently exhibited in London, to which Mr. Layard makes no reference; although they bear very directly upon the nautical and historical subjects which seemed to have occupied Keene's attention at a still earlier period. Some little mist, which his biographer makes no effort to dispel, hangs over the young artist's earlier struggles, but by the end of 1851 he had found the means of attracting the notice of the editor of *Punch*, Mark Lemon, and a few months after his friend and fellow-worker, John Tenniel, had succeeded "Dicky Doyle" as cartoonist Keene was working for that periodical under the wing of Mr. Henry Silver. His personal existence on the staff, however, was not recognised until 1854, and for some years afterwards his contributions were very irregular. In 1859 a magazine, *Once a Week*, was started under the editorship of Samuel Lucas, and illustrated by Pinwell, Tenniel, Charles Keene, and others. Among the works taken in hand by the latter were Mr. Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," and Mr. George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," and in the case of the latter there was no consultation between the author and his illustrator. Mr. Layard is apparently unaware that the original of "Evan Harrington" is now a well-known rhymester, journalist, and man of letters, Mr. Ashby-Sterry, who at that time was a follower of art. From this time onward Keene's career was one of steady success, unmarked by the ordinary change which success

brings with it. To the end of his life he remained simple in his tastes (including that for apple tart at breakfast), frugal in his ways, and wholly regardless of Mrs. Grundy in his habits. His "mania" took the form of tobacco pipes and bagpipes, possessing of both a rare accumulation and endless variety. He had a real love of music, and, presumably, also of smoking, and he devoted his leisure to the cultivation of both arts with unremitting though, perhaps, neoteric ardour. Endowed with a fine voice and correct ear, he was a capital singer of glees and catches as well as of more classical music, but it was not often that he could be persuaded to shake off his natural shyness and to give the company a taste of his quality.

For the artistic side of Charles Keene's career his biographer is content to rely upon the specimens of his work with which the volume is copiously illustrated. These drawings are for the most part so excellent and characteristic that they need no explanation; but we regret that they were not arranged with regard to chronological sequence. So much has been said and written of late of Keene's talent that we will imitate the biographer's reticence, merely remarking that too little notice is taken of his water-colour drawings and of the few oil pictures which he executed. We have already referred to Keene's want of creative power, which was so marked that for many years after he had made a reputation he never worked except from a lay figure or from his friends. If these failed him he would draw from himself as reflected in a looking-glass. His influence upon English art was due to the careful handling of the pencil which his work displayed, and to the truthful vividness with which he could transfer to the block or to the paper the impression left upon him by external objects. In France for twenty years before his death he was recognised as an artist as well as a draughtsman, and his influence upon the group of young painters who gathered round M. Lecoq de Bois d'Andran—which included, among others, Legros, Fantin, Lhermitte, Rajon, and Bracquemond—was incontestable. It was a common thing in those days to see Keene's drawings from *Punch* stuck about the studios of these artists; while another group, who recognised Manet as their leader, and are now known as the "Impressionists," rendered willing homage to Keene's talent.

The *Illustrated London News* for July 30 contains on page 140 a woodcut from a picture by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann representing Cromwell at Ripley Castle. Standing against the panelled wall is a tall-cased clock of the kind now commonly called a "grandfather" clock. "This is a mistake," writes Mr. Hartshorne, "which I may be allowed to point out and correct. No clock had a pendulum before 1661. The movement was governed by a vertical rod or verge, which was regulated by a horizontal bar at its top with weights at the extremities. Pendulum clocks were first introduced and made in England in 1661, with short or 'bob' pendulums, and many old clocks were altered in consequence. In 1680 the mechanism of the escapement was much improved, the anchor pallets were introduced, and the long pendulum and heavy 'bob.' Again, the earlier clocks were altered, and both new and old were put into cases for the protection of the pendulum from injury and the more delicate works from dust. For about the space of a hundred and fifty years the flight of time was largely recorded in this country by the picturesque brass clocks with a bell on the top like a dome. They are variously known as 'button and pillar,' 'birdcage,' and 'sheep's-head'

clocks, and the greater number of them were altered in accordance with later improvements. A 'button and pillar' clock—such as may be seen on the wall above the head of the dying Countess in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode'—without a pendulum, should have been represented in Mr. Lehmann's picture. Such a clock as the artist has shown was absolutely impossible in Cromwell's time. In Mr. F. D. Millet's charming picture, 'Between Two Fires,' also exhibited in this year's Academy, a 'button and pillar' clock is shown on the wall, with a short pendulum at the back of the clock. The costume indicated in the figures refers to an earlier time than 1661, and previous to the introduction of pendulum clocks."

Among the English resident in India, who necessarily have money to pay in England, the continued fall in the value of silver, and consequent depreciation of the Indian rupee currency in exchange, would seem to be felt as an increasing evil. This question is now being taken up seriously by the European mercantile community, both at Calcutta and at Bombay. It is feared that, unless strong measures be taken by the Indian and Home Governments, the rupee, which ought to be worth two English shillings, may sink to the value of one shilling, or even tenpence. A Currency Association has been formed to demand a fixed standard; and its petition to Parliament has received eight thousand signatures.

Three Wisbech youths—two of them brothers named Faircloth, and the third a lad named Headley Marshall—engaged a sailing-boat on Aug. 9 and proceeded down the river Nene to spend the day in what is known as the "Eye," at the entrance to the Wash. About three o'clock in the afternoon their boat was observed by four riverside labourers, who were going home in another boat, to be in a dangerous position. They put their boat about, but, being a quarter of a mile away, that containing the three lads partly capsized before their arrival. The three lads were thrown into the water, but were able to hang on to the boat, which righted itself after the accident. Before, however, the labourers could render help, Walter Faircloth and Headley Marshall threw up their arms and sank. Robert Faircloth clung on, and was rescued in an exhausted condition. The body of Marshall was taken to Wisbech, but that of Walter Faircloth could not be found.

The High Court, fifty-eighth annual, of the Ancient Order of Foresters, an assembly of more than five hundred delegates, not only from all shires of the United Kingdom, but from all English-speaking parts of the world, met during the week from Monday morning, Aug. 1, to Friday evening, the 5th, in the good old English town of Ipswich. Our contemporary the *East Anglian Daily Times* devotes a whole paper, eight pages, to a full report of the proceedings, and gives portraits of many leading members. The High Chief Ranger, Brother George Crickmer, of Ipswich, presided; and most of the High officers, for this year's Court, with the Executive Council, belonged to the Eastern Counties. The Mayor, Mr. C. H. Cowell, with several aldermen and magistrates, lent official and personal countenance; and the Right Rev. Dr. Alfred Barry, Canon of Windsor, late Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia, preached a special sermon on the Sunday in the old Tower Church. Various excursions and festivities enlivened the spare hours of the week. The business discussions were earnest and important, dealing with vast operations; for the Order of Foresters includes over five thousand local Courts, with about 720,000 members, and possesses funds to an aggregate amount exceeding four millions sterling. It is truly a magnificent and beneficent institution.

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"I USED MY 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

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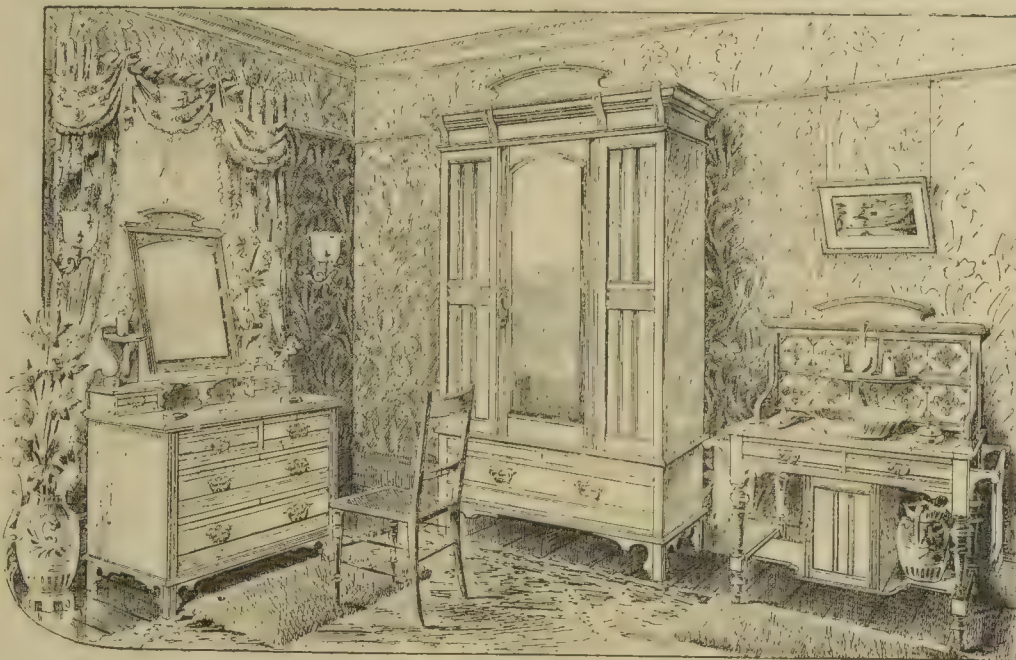
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 23, 1886), with three codicils (dated May 11, 1883; Nov. 1, 1889; and June 5, 1891), of Mr. John Cameron, of Kelton, Dumfriesshire, who died on May 22, granted to Malcolm Macgregor and John McTier, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £124,000.

Probate duty has been paid on £119,200 as the net value of the personal estate of Major William Vaughan Morgan, late of 5, The Boltons, South Kensington, who died at Grasse on Feb. 20. In addition to private legacies, he bequeaths £2000 to the London Homœopathic Hospital, a like sum to the Eastbourne Homœopathic Convalescent Home, to both of which institutions he had during his lifetime made liberal contributions; to his widow, the income from his estate for her life, after her decease the residue to his four brothers and sister, in equal proportions.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1884) of Miss Frances Cheere, late of Papworth Hall, Cambridgeshire, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on July 29 by Theophilus Burnand Lodge, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £79,000. The testatrix gives all her real and leasehold estate in the parish of Papworth Everard to Sydney Hawker Williams; all her jewellery and her residence, 31, York Terrace, Regent's Park, with the furniture and effects, to Mrs. Alice Mary Williams; and legacies to executor, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her brother Edward, for life; and at his death her residuary real estate and chattels real to Rooper Leventhorpe, and her residuary personal estate, upon further trust, for Mrs. Louisa Leventhorpe, for life, and then to be equally divided between her family of five sons and three daughters.

The will (dated July 2, 1891) of the Right Hon. Henry Bouverie William Brand, Viscount Hampden and Baron Daere, who died on March 14, was proved on July 30 by Viscount Hampden, the son, and David Augustus Bevan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testator appoints to his wife £1000 per annum as a jointure and in bar of dower, charged on the Dacre settled estates in the county of Hertford; and he bequeaths to her £1000, and such horses and carriages as she may select. Under various settlements certain sums are appointed to younger children, payable on the death of the survivor of himself and wife out of the Glynde estate, and interest on the said sums until payment is now charged on the said estate; and there are some legacies to, and other provisions in favour of, his younger children. He settles, subject to the charges thereon, the Glynde estate and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in the county of Sussex, on his second son, Thomas Seymour Brand, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. The furniture, pictures, plate, effects, at Glynde Place are made heirlooms to go therewith; and he gives to his said second son the Glynde dairy business, and the assets and premises used

for the same. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Henry Robert, the present Viscount.

The will (dated July 27, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 26, 1891), of Mr. Henry Spence Blundell, late of Brynbell, Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, who died on June 14, was proved on July 30 by John Seymour Moss and George Blundell Longstaff, M.D., the nephews, and Charles Edward Blundell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Hull General Infirmary; an annuity of £250 to his sister, Mrs. Harriet Fisher; and other legacies and annuities. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to three eighths, to pay thereout £2000 each to his nephews Cecil Bernardin Dixon and Graham Foster Dixon; £1000 to his nephew Walter Raymond Dixon; one fifth of the remainder to his nephew Edward Dixon; and two fifths each to his nieces Maria Constance Dixon and Cecilia Augusta Dixon; and as to five eighths, equally between his niece and nephews, Gertrude Bankart, John Seymour Moss, Edward Hugh Moss, Frederick Blundell Moss, and Arthur Spence Moss.

The will (dated May 27, 1890) of Mrs. Mary Penny Carr Burton, late of 41, Brunswick Road, Hove, who died on June 22, was proved on July 25 by William Albert Morris, M.D., the great-nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testatrix gives legacies to her executor and to servants, and pictures as memorials of her to friends. The residue of her property, real and personal, she leaves, upon trust, for her four great-nieces, Louise Gifford, Jane Gifford, Marie Gifford, and Alice Gifford.

The will (dated March 26, 1892) of Mr. Henry Brown, late of Highfield, Luton, Beds, timber merchant, who died on May 1, was proved on July 19 by Edward Brown and Henry Brown, the sons, William Wright Brown, the brother, and Francis Littleboy, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator leaves £100 to the Bate Hospital, Luton; £50 to his executor, Mr. Littleboy; all his jewellery, furniture, plate, fixtures, private carriages and horses, and effects at his residence, and an annuity of £400 to his wife; his residence, Highfield, with the coffee-palace adjoining, and some shops and cottages in Chapel Street, to his wife, for life; and £16,000, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to each of his daughters Elizabeth Anna and Margaret during the life of his wife, and the remainder of the income to his wife; and at her death one half of the capital sum is to be held, upon further trust, for each of his said daughters. Certain freehold properties in the town of Luton he devises to each of his sons Edward and Henry; and two freehold farms at Flamstead, Herts, to his son Arthur. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said three sons, subject to the payment to his wife, for life, of a fair rent for the saw-mills, &c., in George Street.

The will (dated May 9, 1892) of Mr. Henry Fisher, formerly of 5, Aston Road, Ealing, and late of 13, Princes Buildings, Clifton, who died on June 25, was proved on July 20 by Mrs. Mary Anne Elizabeth Fisher, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate, save as to his

property in the Argentine Republic, exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, for the maintenance and support of herself and his youngest daughter, while unmarried, and then for his three children Frederick Hope Fisher, Annie Gertrude Daniel, and Constance Maud Fisher. His property in the Argentine Republic he gives to his heirs—namely, his wife and his three children, according to the laws of the said Republic.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1888), with a codicil (dated May 10, 1892), of Mrs. Jane Dover, late of Skiddaw Bank, near Keswick, Cumberland, who died on May 11, was proved on June 24 by John Porter, John Fisher Crosthwaite, and John Stanwell Birkett, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £12,940. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Consols to the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she hopes the governors will not fail to appoint, as they have hitherto done, inspectors at Keswick, Ambleside, and Carlisle; £1000 to the Liverpool branch of the same Society; £500 to the Crosthwaite High School, Cumberland, the income to be paid to the head master from time to time at the discretion of the governors; £500 each to the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals established at Edinburgh, the Liverpool Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, the Carlisle and Cumberland Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, and the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, Lancaster, all free of duty; and many other legacies. The residue of such part of her personal estate as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes she leaves to the said Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Liverpool branch thereof, the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Liverpool Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, the Carlisle and Cumberland Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, and the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1891) of the Very Rev. Carey Brock, M.A., formerly Dean and Commissary of the Island of Guernsey, and Rector of the parish of Saint Pierre du Bois in the said island, who died on April 18, was proved in London on July 22 by Thomas Godfrey Carey and William John Down, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £10,000. With the exception of his executors, who get legacies of £100 each, the only persons interested under the will are testator's wife, children, and grandchildren.

The observatory which a Parisian scientific association proposes to erect on the summit of Mont Blanc is likely, as the projectors hope, to be completed on that lofty site before the end of September. It is a timber building of two storeys, each divided into several rooms, with a platform on the top and a scaffolding for meteorological instruments. From Meudon, near Paris, where it was constructed, it has been conveyed in pieces to Chamounix, where M. Capus has undertaken to superintend its erection.

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## OBITUARY.

## EARL BATHURST.

The Right Hon. Allen Alexander Bathurst, Earl Bathurst of Bathurst, county Essex, Baron Bathurst of Battlesden, county Bedford, and Baron Apsley, of Apsley, county Sussex, died at his residence, Cirencester House, on Aug. 1. He was born Oct. 19, 1832, the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Seymour Bathurst, by Julia, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Peter Hankey, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge (M.A., 1854). His lordship was a J.P. and a County Councillor for Gloucestershire, and sat in Parliament as Member for Cirencester from 1857 to 1878, in which year he succeeded his uncle, William Lennox, Earl Bathurst, as sixth earl. He married, first, in 1862, Meriel Leicester, second daughter of George, second Lord de Tabley; and secondly, in 1874, Evelyn Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. George James Barnard Hankey, of Fetcham Park, county Surrey. The earldom now devolves on the late peer's eldest son, Seymour Henry, Deputy Lieutenant for Gloucestershire, who was born July 21, 1864.

## SIR DANIEL WILSON.

The President of the Toronto University in Canada, Sir Daniel Wilson, an eminent archaeologist and historical antiquary, as well as an able and successful director of educational institutions, died on Sunday, Aug. 7. He was born at Edinburgh

in 1816, a nephew of the great Professor John Wilson, "Christopher North," and brother of Professor George Wilson, the eminent scientific chemist, whose philosophical and literary powers were also of a high order. Daniel Wilson, educated at the Edinburgh High School and University, came to London for a few years, engaged in literary work, but returned to his native city, studied its antiquities, and about the year 1847 produced an excellent book, "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," illustrated by his own drawings. This was followed by a treatise on "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate," and, in 1851, by an important work, "The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland": the word "annals," however, may not be strictly applicable to a "prehistoric" record. He was secretary to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, which then had for its president Lord Elgin, who became Governor-General of Canada; and this circumstance led, in 1853, to the appointment of Daniel Wilson as Professor of History at Toronto. A year or so later he was offered the Principalship of the McGill University at Montreal, now filled by the eminent geologist Sir William Dawson; but Mr. Wilson preferred remaining at Toronto, and in 1881 became President of the University there, which has been much enlarged. His greatest work, "Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilisation in the Old and New Worlds," was written in Canada, and he has since been a frequent contributor to literature, as well as an active and useful promoter of various schemes for the advancement of learning. He received the honour of knighthood four years ago.

## THE REV. JOHN GRIFFITH, LL.D.

The Vicar of Sandridge, in the diocese of St. Albans, the Rev. Dr. Griffith, who died recently, was more than an ordinary country clergyman. He was fifteen years Principal of Brighton College, where his rule and teaching proved remarkably efficient; he was one of the earliest advocates of

free education for the poorer classes, and of compulsory school attendance, and was chairman of the first Brighton School Board. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was tenth wrangler in the Mathematical and second-class in the Classical Tripos, he took holy orders, and succeeded the well-known Frederick Robertson as minister of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. In 1872, Earl Spencer, who had been his pupil, offered him the vicarage of Sandridge.

On Aug. 8 two lads, the sons of visitors from London, after rambling about the rocks at the foot of Beachy Head, rashly proceeded to climb the famous headland. They reached to within about sixty feet of the top without mishap, but at that point the younger lad lost his nerve, declared that he could go no farther, and began to weep. The elder youth, after entreating his companion to remain quiet, pluckily resumed his climb, and finally reached the top in fairly good condition. The progress of the two lads had been watched with breathless interest by a large crowd of visitors assembled on the top of the great cliff, and by their advice the successful climber hurried to the Coastguard Station for assistance. Chief Officer John J. McCarthy and two of his men proceeded with a long rope to the cliff overlooking the spot where the unnerved lad lay on a ledge of rock. One of the men descended by the aid of the rope, passed the line round the boy, and both were then pulled up in safety. Neither the lad thus gallantly rescued nor his companion considered it necessary to say a word of thanks to the coastguardsman. Mr. McCarthy has frequently rescued foolhardy climbers in similar circumstances; in fact, not a season has passed at Eastbourne for some years without several lives being saved by the Beachy Head coastguard. He wears the medal of the Royal Humane Society for the gallant rescue at sea in 1868 of a lad who fell from the mainyard of H.M.S. Prince Consort.

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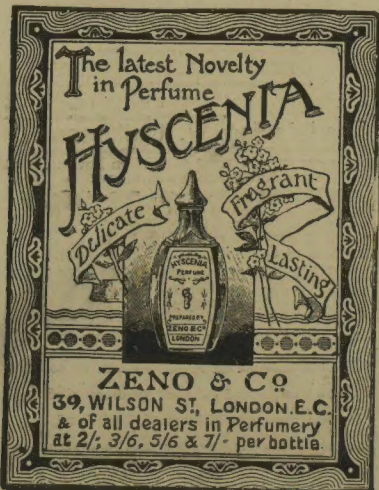
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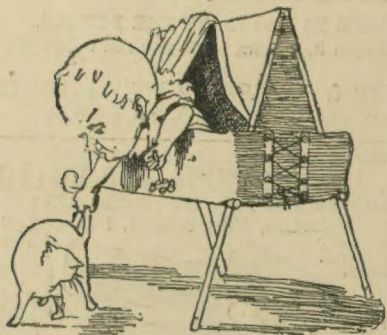
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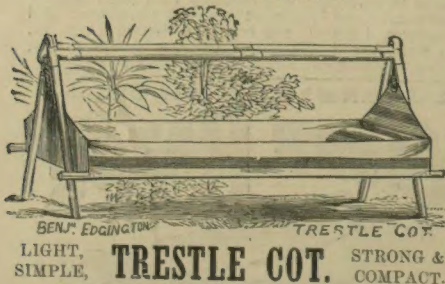


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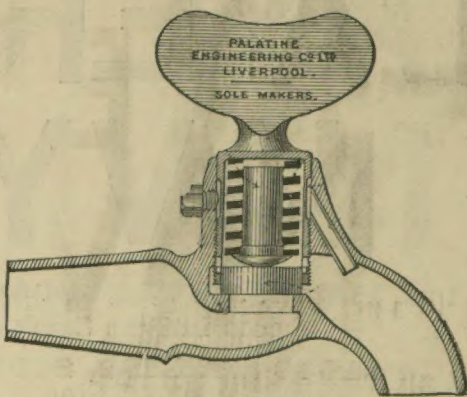
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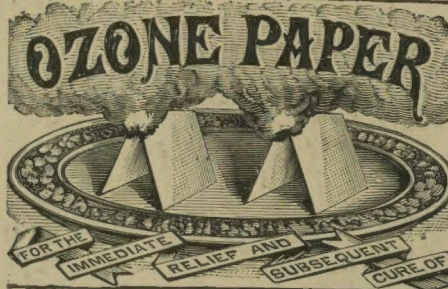
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